

YO-YOs • DHARMA & GREG • THE WATERBOY

MAD^{IND}®



#379 March 1999 Our Price \$2.50 Cheap!



UNITED STATES

An important message from MAD's
Director of Business & Development,
DAN BROWN



Commitment. It's a word often used. Commitment. See? I've used it twice already. But commitment is not contentment. It's spelled differently and pronounced differently and means something different because it IS different. This goes without saying, but I said it anyway.

Which brings me to MAD. Yes, MAD — the magazine whose time is and was and continues to be — says many things to many people that don't need to be said to anyone. But MAD says them anyway because it goes without saying that they MUST be said. Just like what I said about commitment.

The importance of this cannot be overstated because it has no importance. But just as things that don't need to be said must be said, things that don't seem important often are. And vice versa. Like marriage. Like MAD.

To recap: "Something old, something new, something borrowed, something MAD."

Subscribe to MAD now!

VISA OR MASTERCARD ONLY! CALL

1-800-4 MAD MAG

MON - FRI 8 A.M. - 11 P.M. Eastern Time 9 A.M. - 6 P.M. SAT. U.S.A. And Canada Orders Only!

OR USE ONE OF THE ANNOYING POSTPAID CARDS
INCONVENIENTLY STUFFED SOMEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE
TO GET YOUR MAD SUBSCRIPTION ROLLING!

IF POSTPAID CARD IS MISSING WRITE TO:
MAD P.O. Box 52345, BOULDER CO 80322-2345





MAD

MARCH 1999 **NUMBER 379**

William Gaines
founder

Jenette Kahn
president & editor in chief

Paul Levitz
executive vice president & publisher

Nick Meglin & John Ficarra
editors

Editorial:

Joe Orlando consulting editor

Charlie Kadau & Joe Raiola senior editors

David Shayne associate editor

Amy Mavrikis assistant editor

Dick DeBartolo
creative consultant

Annie Gaines managing editor

Dorothy Crouch vp-licensed
publishing and associate publisher

Art Department:

Nadina Simon acting art director

Leonard Brenner graphics consultant

Thomas Nozkowski production

Marla Weisenborn production assistant

Circulation:

Daniel Brown director business development
& mass market sales

Tracy Bowen manager-newsstand sales

Administration:

Patrick Caldon vp-finance & operations

Lillian Laserson vp-legal affairs

Contributing Artists and Writers
the usual gang of idiots

MAD (ISSN 0024-9319) is published monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., 1700 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions in U.S.A.: 12 issues \$24.00 or 24 issues \$45.00 or 36 issues \$60.00. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 12 issues \$30.00 or 24 issues \$57.00 or 36 issues \$78.00. (Canadian price has GST tax included.) Entire contents © copyright 1999 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, P.O. Box 52145 Boulder, CO 80322-5145; the Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and require all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.

Printed in U.S.A.



"Any dentist who says 'This won't hurt a bit' is lying through your teeth!" — Alfred E. Neuman



LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT:
Random Samplings of Reader Mail...2

OPPOSITES ATTACKED DEPARTMENT:
"Kharm & Dreg" (A MAD TV Satire)...4

CROSSING THE CHANNEL SURFERS DEPARTMENT:
MAD's TV Expert Quiz...10

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPARTMENT:
Monroe &...The Man...12

DAUGHTER WORLD DEPARTMENT:
MAD Tags Along on a Typical Date
With Chelsea Clinton...16

SPINNING IS THE ONLY THING DEPARTMENT:
The MAD World of Yo-Yos Part I...18
The MAD World of Yo-Yos Part II...23
The MAD World of Yo-Yos Part III...32

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT:
The Lighter Side of...19

LIVING OFF THE FAD OF THE LAND DEPARTMENT:
MAD-sterpiece Theater Presents:
The Home Schlocking Network's "Beanie Baby Hour"...24

DISC-CLAIMERS DEPARTMENT:
Even Yet Still More Badly Needed Warning Labels for Rock Albums...26

ALTERED EGOS DEPARTMENT:
More MAD Morphs...30

THE IRRATIONAL INQUIRER DEPARTMENT:
The Special Prosecutor's Official Report on Mister Rogers...33

STICK A FORK IN THEM, THEY'RE DUNCAN DEPARTMENT:
What to do With Your Yo-Yo When the Fad Dies...38

FRANK ON A ROLL DEPARTMENT:
The Late Night Spree of Saul Devere...40

ADAM'S RIBBED DEPARTMENT:
"Whattabore" (A MAD Movie Satire)...41

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT:
A MAD Look at Parades...45

GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPARTMENT:
MAD's Celebrity Cause-of-Death Betting Odds...48

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT:
"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones...
Various Places Around The Magazine

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
DREW STRUZAN

FRONT COVER WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL





MAD #380
ON SALE
MARCH 23!



A NOTE FROM THE TEACHER

Being an overworked and underpaid teacher, I hardly ever have the time to write a letter to the editor of my favorite magazine. However, the article "Tipoffs That You Go to a Really Tough School" (MAD #375) was so hilarious, I was shaking with laughter so hard my red pen exploded!

Allison Auld
Philadelphia, PA

Ally — We've taken the liberty of grading your letter: Spelling/punctuation: A; Clarity and content: A; Neatness: A! But before you get a little too cocky, young lady, let us remind you that bringing MAD to class is frowned upon in your school. We have forwarded a copy of your letter and this response to the Vice Principal of your school — he'll see you in detention at 2:30 p.m.! —Ed.

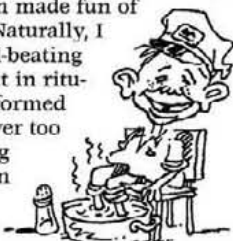


GOING POSTAL

I'm writing to tell you about something very sad. The other day when I was getting my mail (The October issue and a letter from my mom — no check!) some stupid person made fun of me getting MAD! Naturally, I ripped out her still-beating heart and burned it in ritual sacrifice and informed her that you're never too old for the amazing literary stimulation of MAD!

Lindsay Gonzales
Ithaca, NY

Gonzo — We were most disturbed by your letter. What do you mean no check in the letter from your mother? What kind of a tightwad is she? She can't take it with her — you're her own flesh and blood! The least she could do is send you a tenski to hold you over till payday! We suggest you show her this letter with our response and if she still doesn't open up the purse strings, well then maybe it's time to rip out HER still-beating heart and burn it in ritual sacrifice. However, you may want to check with dad on this first! —Ed.



MORE TRASH FROM MAD

I was doing my weekly chores and cleaned out the trash can in the upstairs bathroom and out tumbled MAD #374. I then dumped the trash from the downstairs bathroom and out came MAD #373. This seemed an inglorious end to the magazine that has helped make me what I am today. Any ideas on how to recycle future issues?

Don Feeney
Louisville, KY

Donny — We have one idea, but please please please make sure you remove the staples before proceeding with the old wiperino! —Ed.

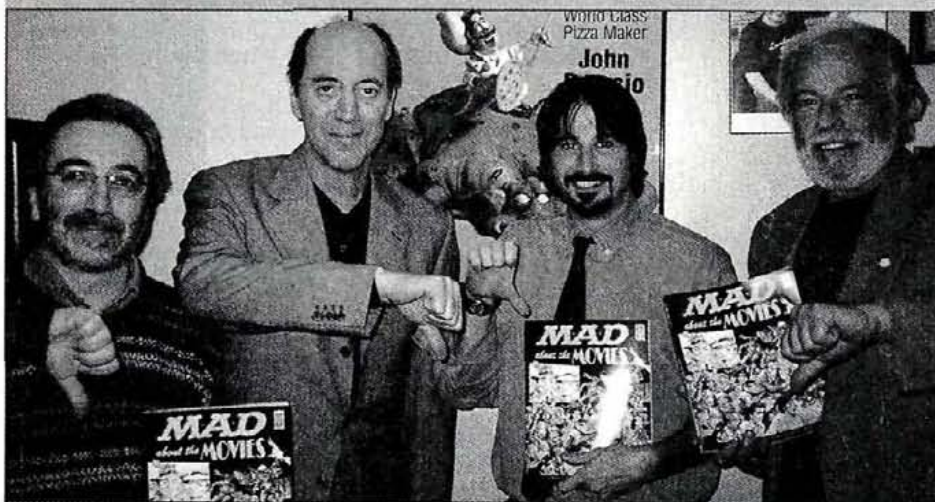
THE ADVICE SQUAD

My question is this: Is it morally wrong to take advice from Melvin and Jenkins over the advice of say, a voice from the clouds?

Sean Treanor
Washington, D.C.

Seanster — Morally wrong? No. Smart? Probably not. As for stopping voices from the clouds, we suggest carefully lining the inside of your baseball cap with aluminum foil. We understand this worked wonders for longtime suffering MAD writer Desmond Devlin! —Ed.

A VIEW TO A SISKEL



With the glut of bad end-of-the-year movies over, movie critic Gene "I'm the thin one" Siskel found time to drop into New York to have dinner with a few MAD editors. (L-R) Co-editor John Ficarra, Gene, Editor of Licensed Publications Charles Kochman and Co-editor Nick Meglin. Oddly enough, it isn't clear what the group is giving a collective thumbs down to. Is it the book MAD About the Movies (which Gene and his partner Roger "I'm the fat one" Ebert wrote the introduction to — available now at fine bookstores everywhere) or Nick Meglin's stylin' blazer?

A THOUSAND POINTS OF CELLULITE

Why does Monroe's dad always get stuck with such fat, hairy chicks all the time? Give the poor guy a classy broad for once.

Julia Balkin
Amherst, MA

Jules — Hey, a man likes what he likes. Monroe's dad happens to like big, hairy chicks. Which is why an upcoming episode will feature our pal Monroe, his dad and one Ms. Linda Tripp! (Warning: this one is not for the squeamish!) —Ed.

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!

For all subscription-related matters (including change of address) in the U.S. and Canada, please call 1-800-4 MAD MAG or write P.O. BOX 59345, Boulder, CO 80399-9345! Please DO NOT phone, write, fax or E-mail our New York office — we're too dumb to help you there!

MAD SUPER
SPECIAL #136 ON
SALE MARCH 23!

FAX MAD AT
(212) 506-4848!

SEND ALFRED E-MAIL
VIA AMERICA ONLINE!
KEYWORD:
MAD MAGAZINE

VISIT THE MAD
WEB SITE!
<http://www.madmag.com>

MAKE A DUMB WISH FOUNDATION

My wish is that I would like you to do the next issue of MAD in your underwear.

Salem Salazar
Dallas, TX

Sally — This is truly a dumb wish. Why in Heaven's name would you want us to do the next issue in our underwear when in fact we're proud to say that we do each and every issue of MAD buck naked (Super Specials too)! We like the uninhibited, je ne sais quoi freedom that only a natural editing can give! Therefore, sorry to leave you hanging, but we must respectfully decline granting your wish. —Ed.

P.S. While we were unable to grant Salem's dumb wish, MAD's *Make a Dumb Wish Foundation*™ enthusiastically welcomes any and all dumb wishes from our readers, because in the end, granting readers dumb wishes is what MAD is all about.

P.P.S. Note to Senior Editor Joe Raiola: Don't forget it's your turn to bring in the talcum powder this week!

THAT VISION THING

My eyes aren't as good as they used to be. Could you make your "Drawn Out Dramas" bigger, or send a complimentary MAD magnifying glass with my issues?

Joseph Laskarzewski
Jacksonville, FL

Joey Joe — **NO!** —Ed.



HOW TO REACH US

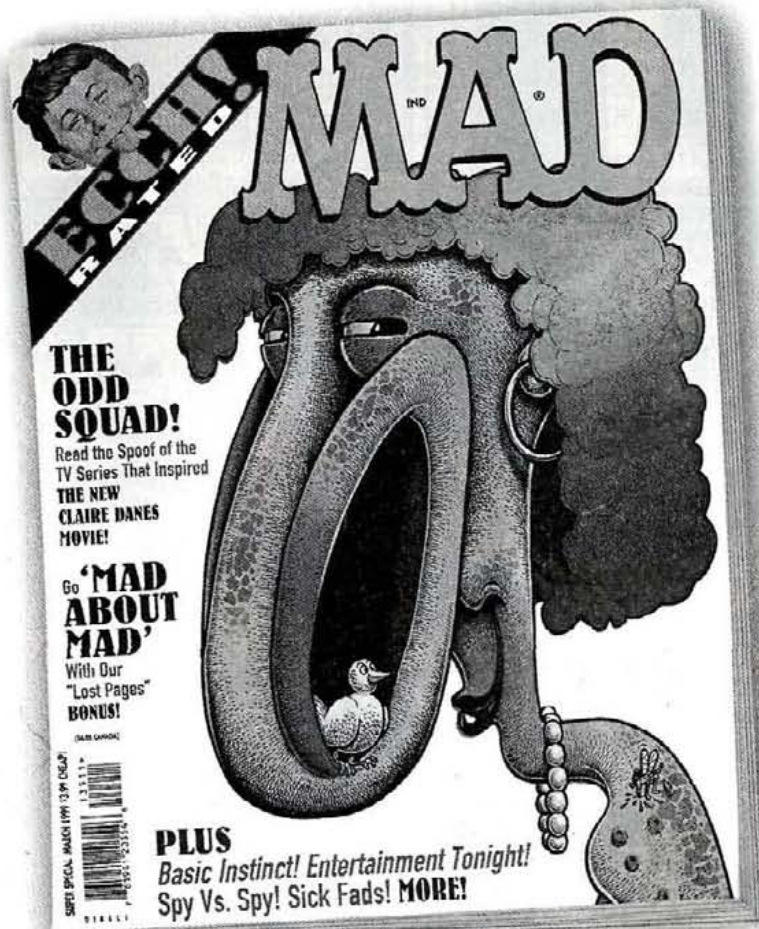
Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 379, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!



MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

It's another body slam for the Letters Page! Renae Olson-Bjoralt of Brandon, MN was brave enough to step into the squared circle (so to speak) with wrestler-turned-politician and now Governor of Minnesota Jesse "The Body" Ventura! It's a three-year subscription for Renae and four years of over-the-top-rope incompetence and bad government for the citizens of Minnesota! Ah Minnesota, formerly the Land of 10,000 Lakes, now known as the Land of 500,000 Nimrod Voters!

SOMEDAY ALL MAGAZINES WILL LOOK LIKE THIS...



...until then, there is only one! Buy it now!
On sale at newsstands, bookstores and a precious few lumber yards!



There's this TV show about a marriage of opposites. A man and a woman from two different cultures meet, get married and try to make a life together! She's ditzy, kooky and uninhibited while he's more centered. The show kicks butt. It rocks comedically! It's called *I Love Lucy*! Now, there's this other TV show with the same premise. Two opposites in a "culture clash" comedy. Their gimmick: They meet and tie the knot after one date. It was love at first sight. But not for us — 'cause no matter how many times we look at it, we can't stand...

Kharma

I'm Dreg Moneygomery.
I'm a WASP, I'm
preppie, I'm a lawyer.
I'm the son of
conservative, upper-
crust blue bloods and
heir to a fortune! I
was born with a silver
spoon in my mouth!

I'm Kharma Flakystein! I'm ditzy, I'm
kooky, I'm Jewish! I'm the free-
spirited daughter of hippies! I'm
guessing I was born with a hashish
pipe in my mouth! We wed after a
whirlwind courtship of, like, twenty
minutes! We looked into each other's
eyes and recognized a soul mate!

Actually, it wasn't
her EYES that
grabbed my
attention!
But let's not
quibble this
early in
the spoof!

We're total opposites!
He was raised on
Brooks Brothers, I
was raised on the
Doobie Brothers! He
was raised with meat
and potatoes, I was
raised with tofu!

We're Leery and Abba
Flakystein! We're
aging hippies! I
kept my '60s beliefs,
kept my '60s values,
but seem to have
lost my '60s hair!

Do you believe
this? Our daughter
married a preppie.
WASP Republican!
I'm dying! My love
beads are melting!



& Dreg

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: JOSH GORDON

In other words, she was raised nuts, by nuts, eating nuts! I was raised normal! But something told me we should definitely be a couple!

You could tell from the feelings? The vibes?

I don't deal with feelings! I could tell from the ABC network testing! I'm a big chart man!

Kharma is open, kooky and spontaneous, but in her own way, she has a certain dignity and strength!

See what I mean?

Wow! Cool!

Liar, liar, pants on fire!



Settle, Abba! We got through Reagan/Bush, we'll get through this!

We're Eggwood and Katty Moneygomery! We brought up our son to respect God, country and money! At the age of 11, Dreg was a Boy Scout!

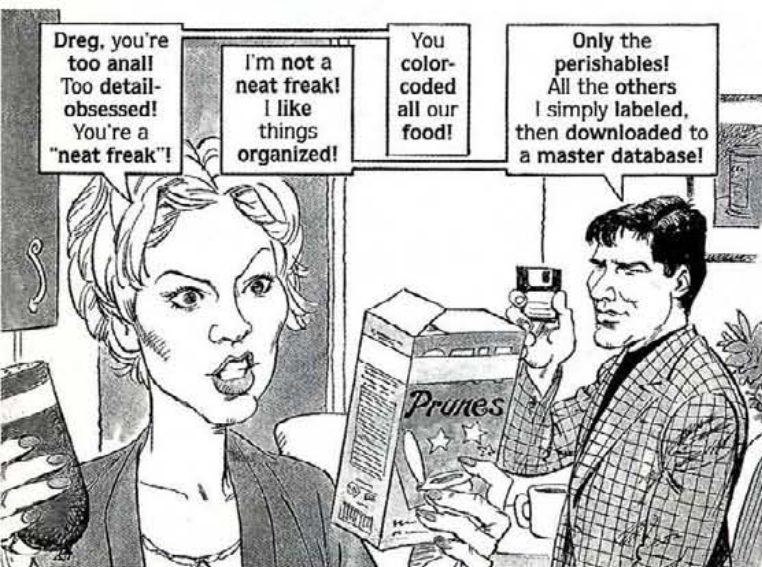
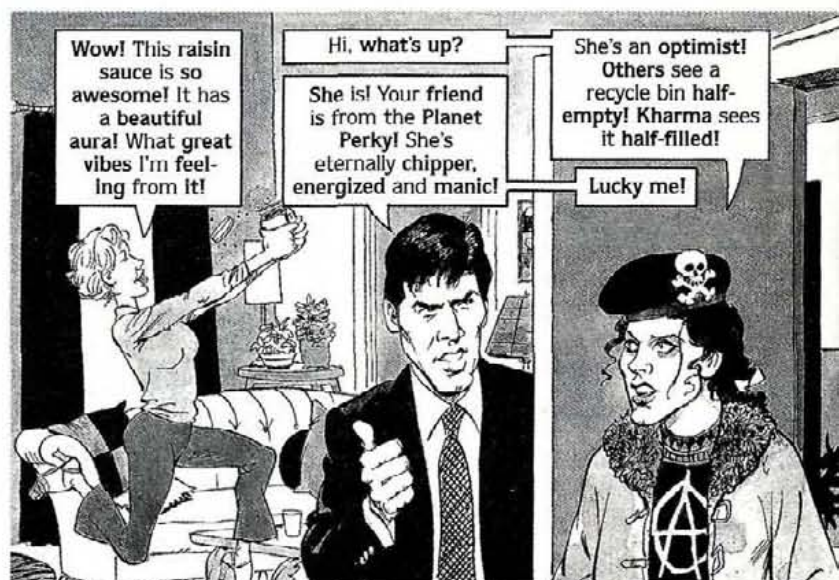
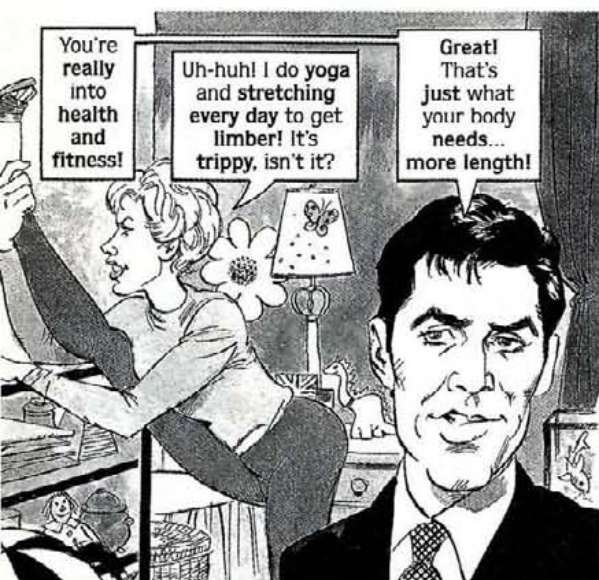
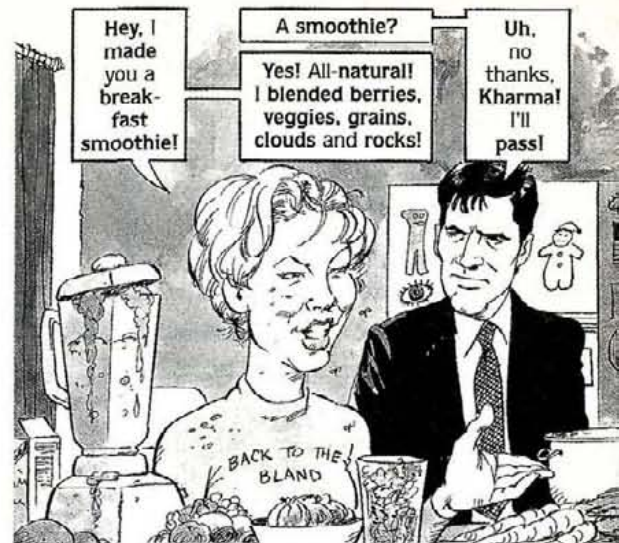
We brought up our daughter to seek out good vibes, to end global warming, to reject any totalitarian movement! At the age of 11 we sent Kharma to Canada to flee the Girl Scouts!

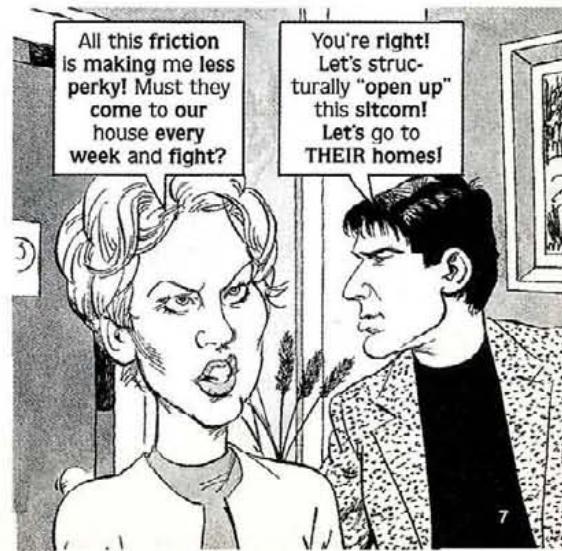
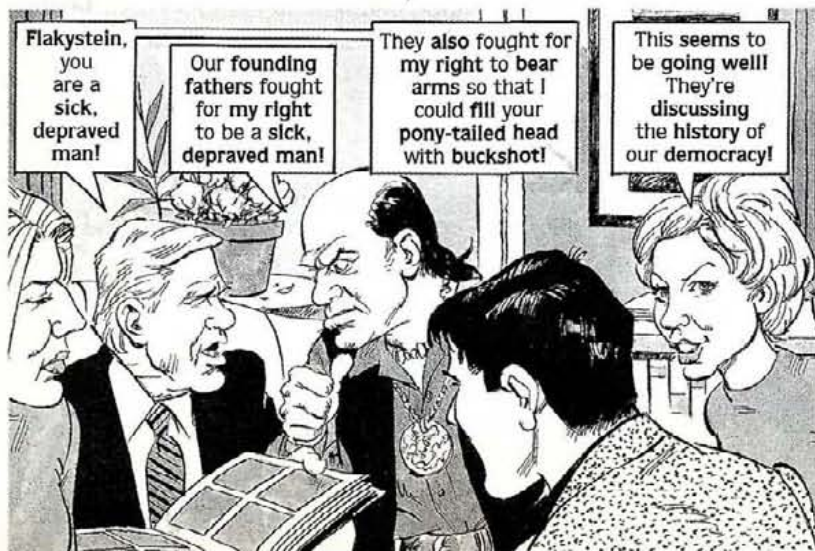
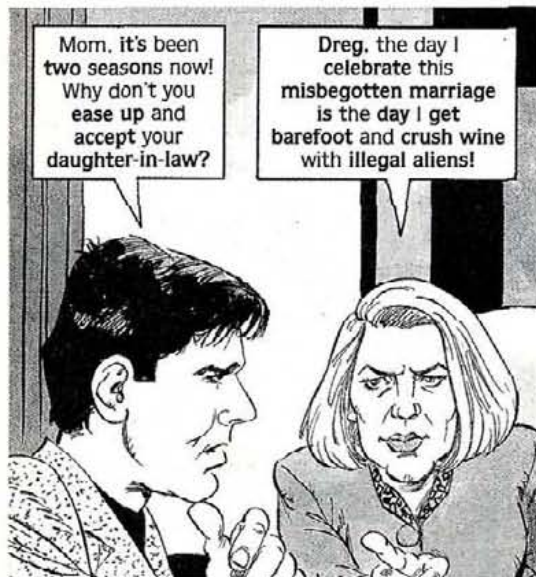
What? For expressing free speech?

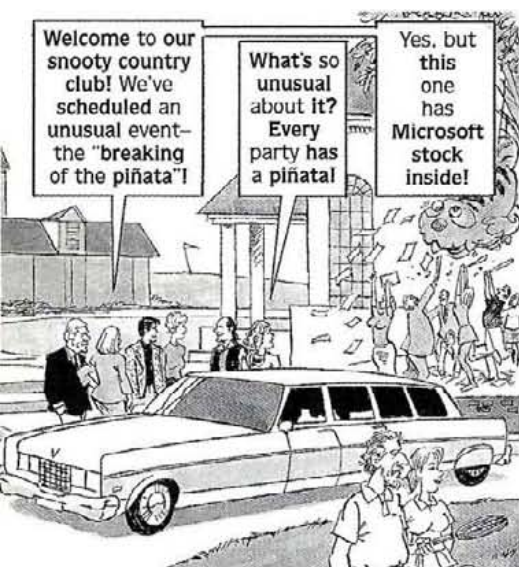
I'm calling the fashion police! Nobody's worn an outfit like that in 30 years — not since *Laugh-In*!

I'm calling the police!











That's it! I'm out of here! I realize now I married into the Granola Family!

Granola Family?

Too many flakes! Too many nuts!



Dreg is leaving me! He claims we're all insane!

He can't say that about us! He's right—but he can't say it!

We've got to settle this feud once and for all! If this were the '60s, we'd offer peace and love! But it's the '90s, so it's a whole new ball game!



Welcome to our show! Tonight's topic: "In-laws Who Come From Different Worlds!" One's from Marin County, the other is from Pluto!

You're a hippie-dippie freak!

You're a lunatic-fringe fascist Nazi!

You're #\$\$%^& choking me!

Our people had a slogan: "If it feels good, do it!"

You are a nudist colony slut!

You #@\$\$%^& frigid, right-wing shrew! I stroll naked in the forest, but I don't pollute the environment!

Wrong! You have a 48-year-old body! When you stroll naked in the forest the trees die!

Wow, bummer! Let's face it, our marriage isn't working!

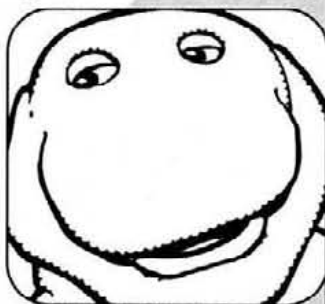
We should never have rushed into it! Perhaps we should have waited TWO dates!



Everyone makes fun of the fact that you watch too much TV. They tease you because your couch has a permanent indentation from your butt! They laugh at you because you once missed a week of work with a "channel-flipping" injury! They mock you because you named your first-born "Dawson Urkel"! Well, now's your chance to show them! Let's see if they can get a perfect score on...

MAD's TV Expert Quiz

1. Very tiny children like to hear this irritating gargantuan with the smiling giant head sing songs. Is it...



Barney



OR Rosie O'Donnell

2. Pamela Anderson quit Baywatch because she didn't want to make these any bigger than they already were. Are they...



...Her breasts



OR ...The two-syllable words in her script

3. It's the popular show that's "all about nothing." Is it...



...Seinfeld



OR ...Live With Regis and Kathie Lee

4. This tragic news-related event left viewers gaping in a stunned, sorrowful silence. Was it...



...The Oklahoma City bombing



OR ...ABC adds Politically Incorrect to its lineup

5. This program's unique gimmick is to cram together a bizarre assortment of strangers together until the endless petty and childish fighting begins. Is it...



...Real World



...CNN's Crossfire

OR



6. This is the animated figure who can be seen working alongside blue dinosaurs. Is it...



...Fred Flintstone



...Leslie Stahl

OR



7. When viewers see nine little squares, are they looking at...



...The Brady Bunch



...The digital scrambling allegedly blocking out women's private parts on the E! network

OR



8. Where did Tim Allen first experience Tool Time?



...On Home Improvement



...In the communal shower room, during his three-year sentence

OR



9. This series regularly features the adorable gyrations of a cute, little imp. Is it...



...Ally McBeal



...Spin City

OR



RATINGS

0 Correct, 0 Share
Zero for 9? Congratulations, you have what it takes to be a morning weatherman!

1-3 Correct, 10 Share
Nice going, Urkel. If you were on ER, there'd be a long flat digital line going, "Bweeeeeeeeeee!"

4-6 Correct, 20 Share
Only half correct? That means that 50% of your answers were laughable jokes — which is WAY higher than Jay Leno's monologue!

7-9 Correct, 30 Share
Ah, well, you're movin' on up, movin' on up, to the East Side...in a deeeee-luxe apartment in the sky!

10-12 Correct, 40 Share
Yeah, yeah, we know there are only nine questions in this quiz. Guess what? Nielsen just makes up all its ratings numbers, too!



Monty and...



THE MAN

We all know what happens when Mom brings home her new "special friend." All we ever think is, "Please, God, let him be cool!"



I COULD MAKE YOU SOME FRIED EGGS -- EXCEPT I DON'T HAVE ANY BUTTER... OR EGGS.

FORGET IT. I'VE LOST MY APPETITE.

LOOKS LIKE THE "MAN'S" NOT IN A HURRY TO LEAVE...

...HIS STUFF'S ALL OVER MOM'S ROOM.

SAY, WHOA! WHAT'S THIS? OH, WOW, A TAZER!

FINALLY, I CAUGHT YOU WITH A WEAPON, DYLAN! IT'S JUVENILE HALL FOR YOU THIS TIME, BUSTER!

I DISARMED MONROE, SIR. HE'S THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THE TAZER. I'M THE HERO OF THE SCHOOL!

COME WITH ME, MONROE. YOU REALIZE THAT POSSESSION OF A WEAPON CAN LEAD TO EXPULSION, DON'T YOU?

BUT, I COULDN'T EVEN TURN IT ON! I... I...



HEY, KIDS! REMEMBER TO SAY NOPE TO DOPE!

EAT IT!

DON'T FORGET, YOU GUYS ARE THE FUTURE -- JUST LIKE MY PAL, MONROE!

NO, WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT UP?!

HEY, DILLWEED!

OH, UH, HI, DYLAN! LOOK, I'M REALLY SORRY ABOUT THAT WHOLE TAZER THING!



I'LL TAKE
THIS BABY TO
SCHOOL!

WHO'S FLY
NOW,
DYLAN?!

HEY,
DILLWEED,
YOUR OLD
LADY PACK
ME SOME-
THING GOOD
TODAY?

NO, BUT
I DID!
HA!...

C'MON,
C'MON, IT
WORKED A
MINUTE
AGO!

WHAT
A KNOB!
GIMME
THAT!

NO, GOD,
PLEASE!

HERE'S
HOW YOU USE
IT. LIKE THIS!
FEELING
THAT?

...AND
YOU'RE A VERY
LUCKY YOUNG
MAN, MONROE.
OFFICER DURKEE
EXPLAINED THAT
HE **GAVE** YOU THE
TAZER TO BRING
TO **SCIENCE**
CLASS.

HE DID?
UH, I MEAN,
OF COURSE
HE DID.

NOW GET YOUR
BUTT TO **CLASS!** AND
IF I CATCH YOU WITH
SO MUCH AS A **LOADED**
RUBBER BAND, YOU ARE
IN FOR A WORLD OF
PAIN, MISTER!

I GUESS
YOU REALIZE
NOW A TAZER
ISN'T A TOY,
DON'T
YOU?

YEAH, I DO.
TOYS HAVE
BIG ON/OFF
SWITCHES!

WELL, I GOTTA
GO. YOUR MOM
PROMISED ME SOME-
THING **SPECIAL** IF I TOOK
THE **HEAT** FOR YOU. WHERE'S
A STORE AROUND HERE
WHERE I CAN PICK UP
SOME **WHIPPED**
CREAM?

FORGET
ABOUT IT!

REALLY?
=WHEW=,
THANKS!

NOW, LET'S
GET DOWN TO
SERIOUS BUSINESS.
WE **SAW** YOU WITH
THAT COP...

...WHAT ARE YOU, SOME
KIND OF **NARC** OR SOMETHING?
WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH
NARCS AT THIS SCHOOL!

HELP!

POUND!
Sock! CP
WAK!

HIT!

DAUGHTER WORLD DEPT.

Poor Bill Clinton!

His little girl is in college 3,000 miles away from home, surrounded by drunken, horny frat boys looking to do things to her you can only read about in *The Starr Report*! So, what's it like trying to get to First Base with the First Daughter? Here's...

MAD

Tags Along on a Typical Date with Chelsea Clinton

6:20 p.m.

Arrive at Chelsea's Dorm —
Submit to Body Cavity
Search by Secret
Service Agents



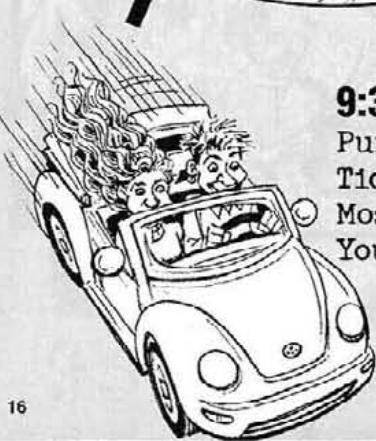
7:00 p.m.

Dinner with President
and First
Lady



9:30 p.m.

Purchase Eight Movie
Tickets — It's the
Most Expensive Movie
You've Ever Paid For



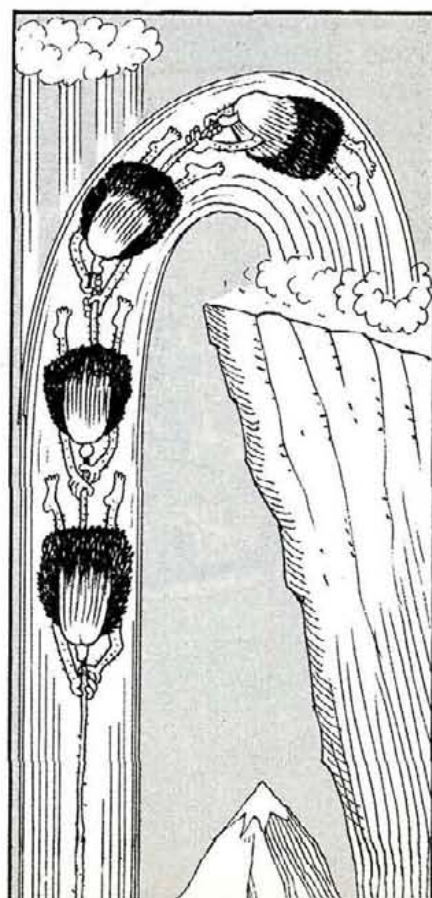
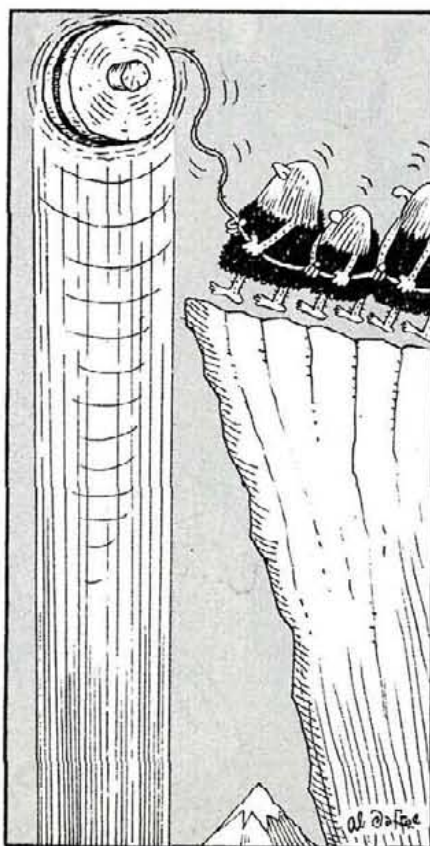
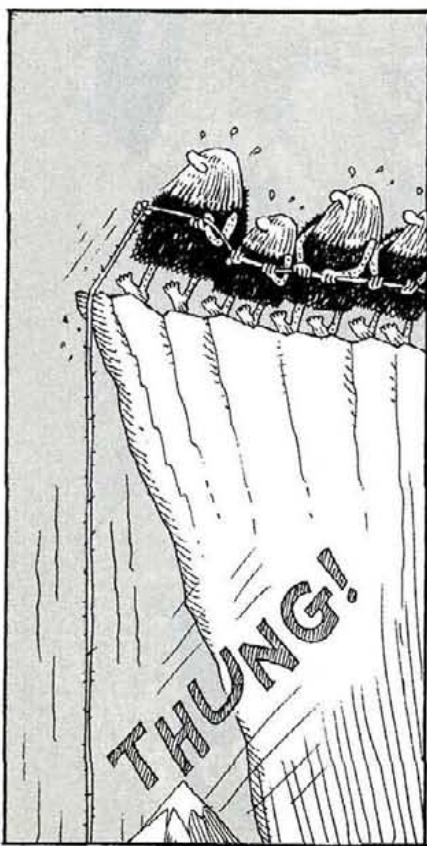
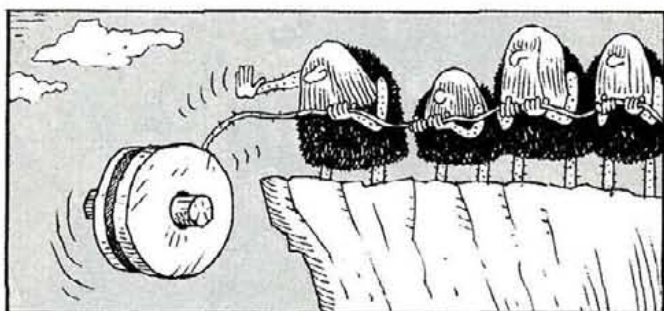
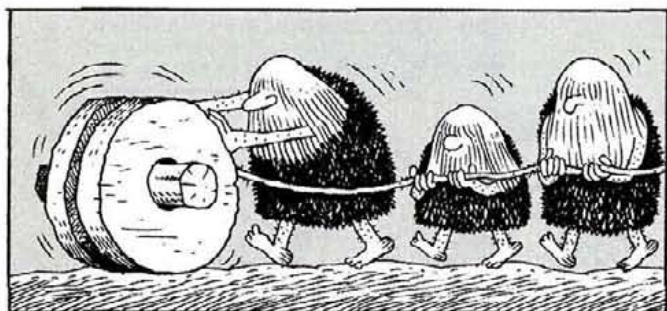
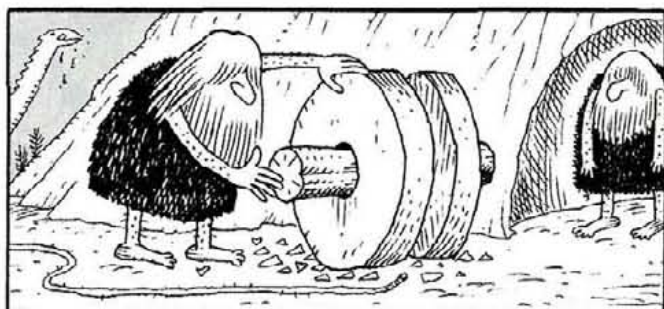
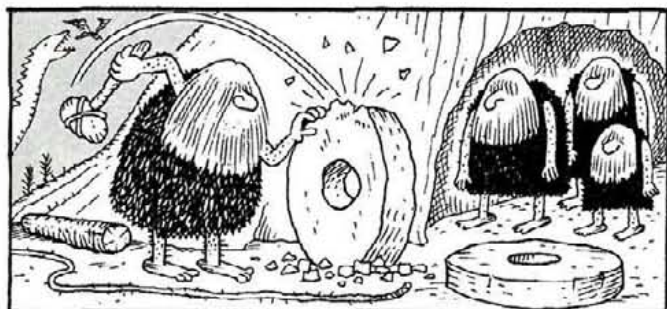
1:15 a.m.

Arrive at Sigma Chi Keg Party

[illegible]

THE MAD WORLD OF YO-YOS

Part I: In The Beginning





THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

JUSTICE

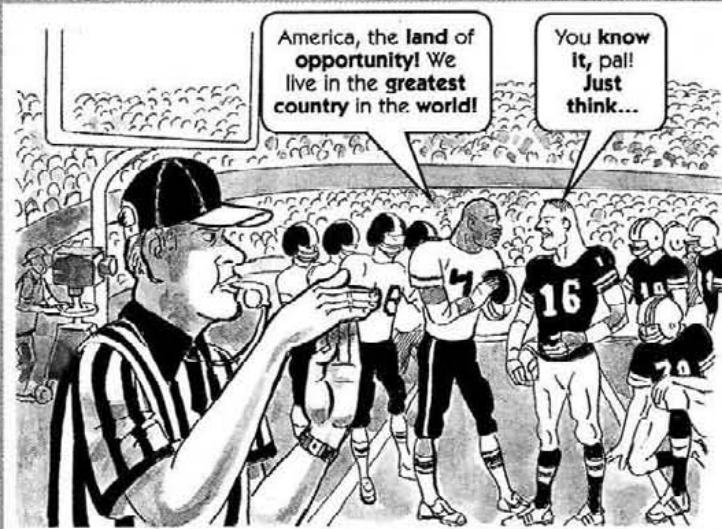


ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

READING



PRO SPORTS



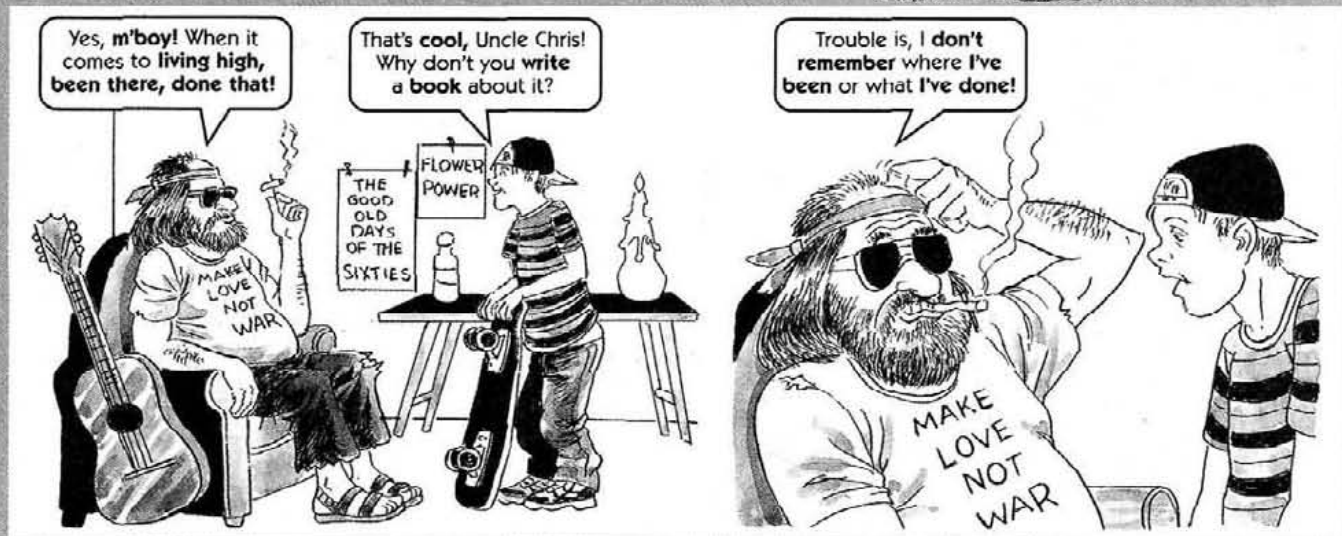
RELATIONSHIPS



FASHION



BEING HIP



FOOD



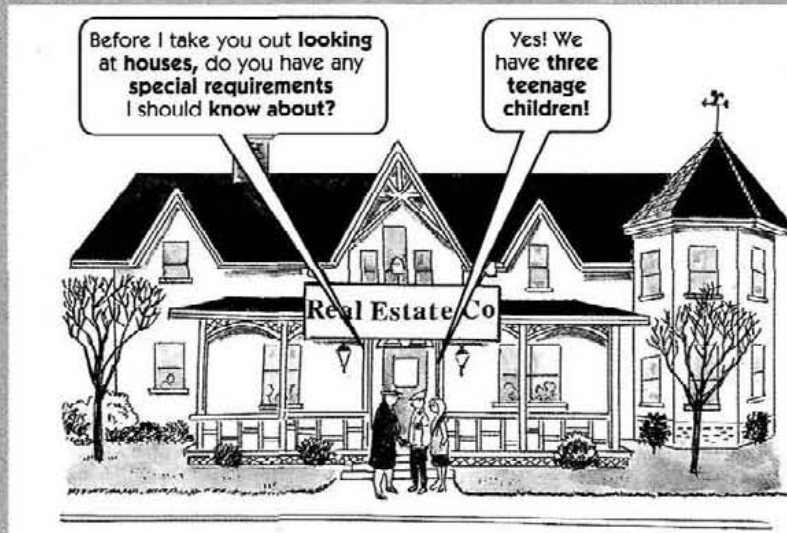
THERAPY



SLEEP



REAL ESTATE



WEIGHT LOSS



THE OFFICE

David, don't think we haven't noticed that you're the first one here every morning and the last one to leave at night...

...and that every time we pass your office you're either pounding away at the computer or busy on the phone!



There's just one thing we want to know...

What the hell are you up to?



BEDTIME STORIES

Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep and doesn't know where to...

Little Bo Peep is such a dummy!



If it were me, I'd just clone another one!



DOCTORS

You've got nothing wrong with you that a few hours of work in the garden won't take care of!

But I don't have a garden, doctor!



I do! Be there Sunday at 8 a.m.!





SPINNING IS THE ONLY THING DEPT.

THE MAD WORLD OF YO-YOS

Part II: An Idea Gone Bad



ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

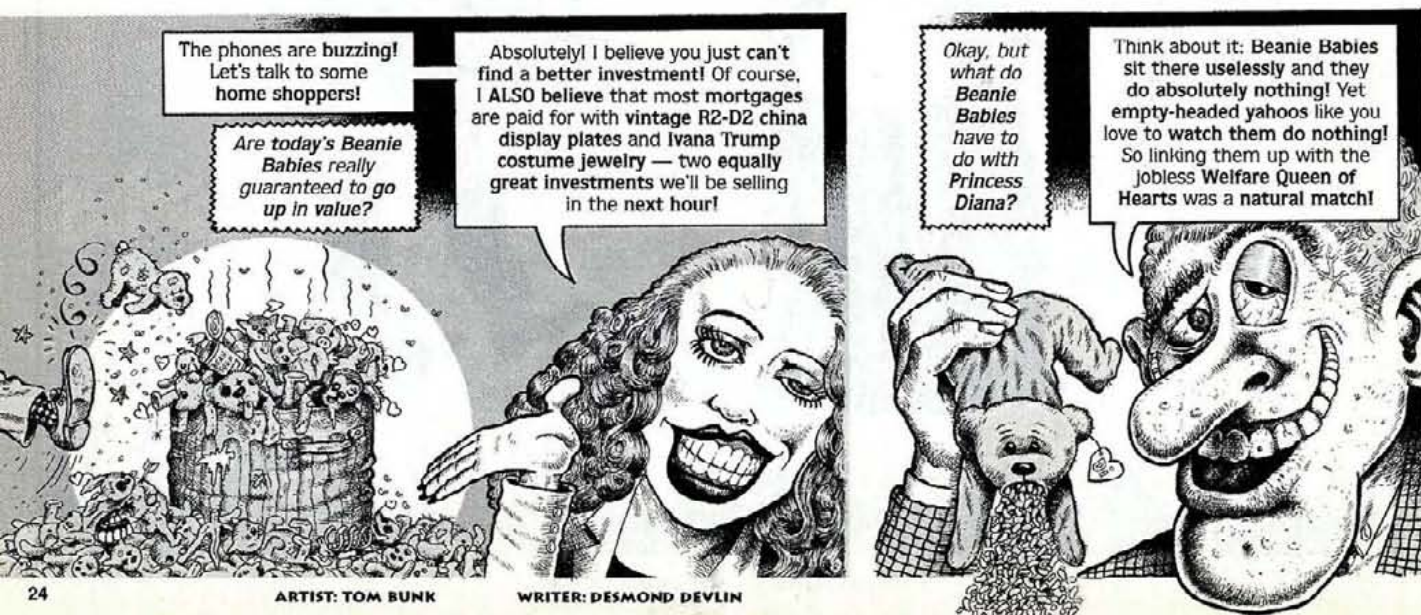
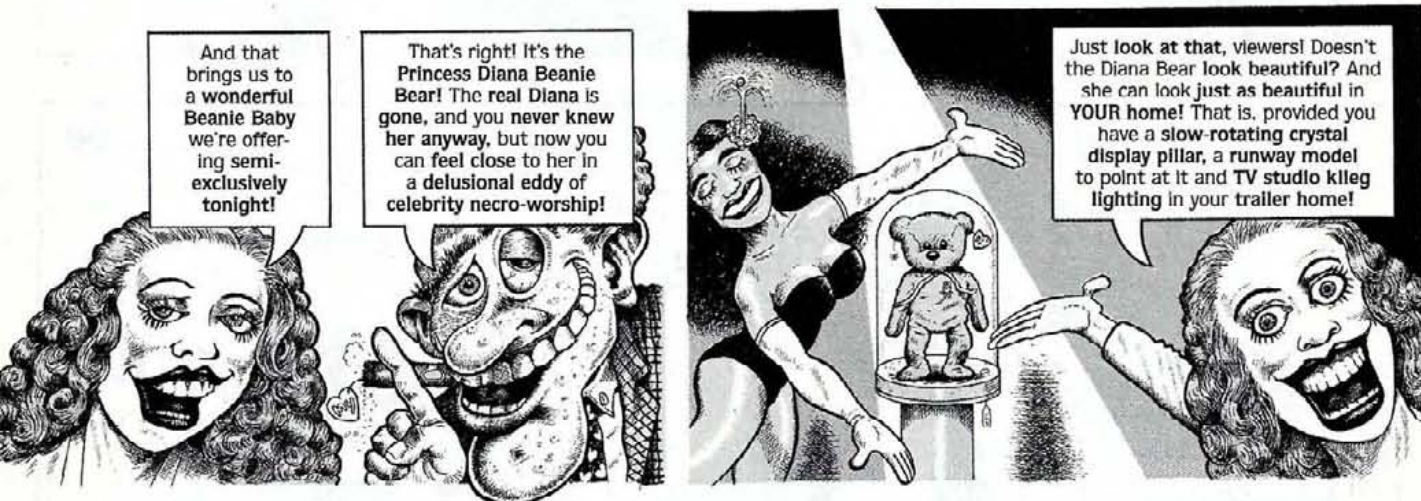
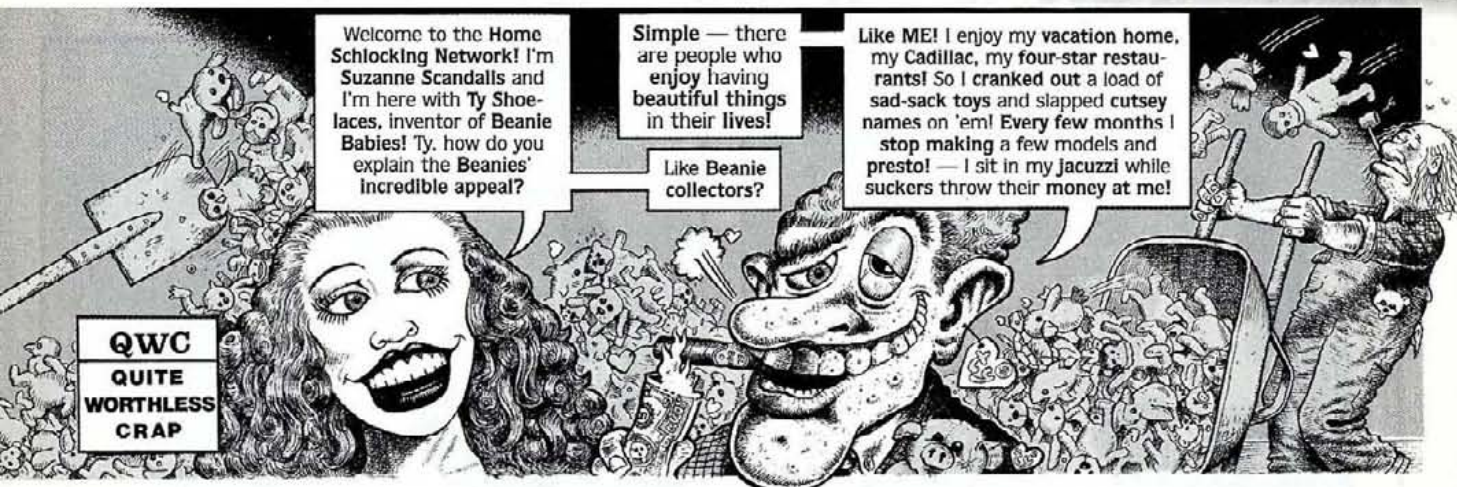
WRITER: DUCK EDWING



THE MAD REPERTORY PLAYERS

THE HOME SCHLOCKING NET

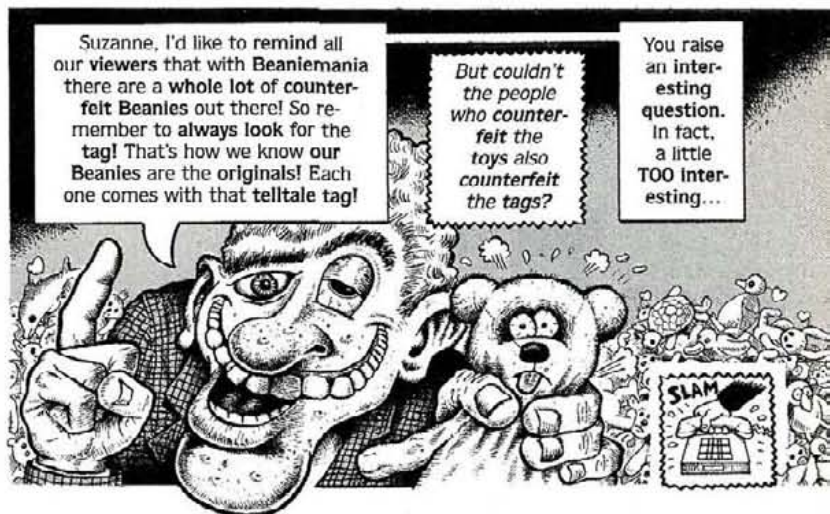
This Issue's



PRESENT MAD-STERPIECE THEATER

Production:

WORK'S "BEANIE BABY HOUR"





Tipper Gore has been warning America for years against exposing young people to examples of gratuitous violence, sexual depravity, bad language and complete amoral decay. And it's really true! Nobody in America has monitored more bad music than Tipper — and look what its influence has done to the White House! (Note to Tipper: Eazy-E only SANG about slammin' and ditchin' his bitches!) But unlike the Goremeister, we at MAD aren't afraid to ADMIT that we're dumb, hypocritical loads...and thus, we're happy to offer...

EVEN YET STILL MORE BADLY NEEDED WARNING LABELS FOR ROCK ALBUMS

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

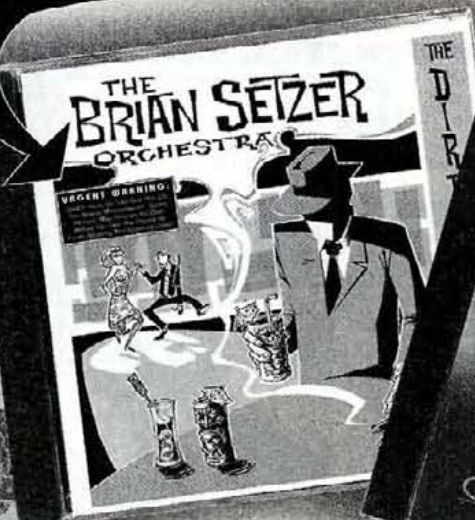
CONSUMER SUGGESTION:

If You Enjoy The Experience of a
Humongous Chunk Crashing to
Earth with an Incredible Thud, Be
Sure to Also Try Oasis's Last Album



URGENT WARNING:

QUICK! Hurry Up and Get This CD!
The Bogus, Media-Hyped "Swing
Revival" May Already Be Over
Before You Get the Chance to
Finish Reading This Warning Label!



ATTENTION:

Before Buying This Album, Make Sure to
Check Out Our Handy LEAD SINGER GUIDE

Track One: Gary Cherone
Track Three: Sammy Hagar
Track Five: Don Ho
Track Seven: Adam Sandler
Track Nine: The Guy Who
Played Schneider on
One Day at a Time

Track Two: David Lee Roth
Track Four: William Shatner
Track Six: "Weird" Al Yankovic
Track Eight: Regis Philbin
Track Ten: To Be Honest,
Someone Lost the Signup
Sheet and We're Not Even Sure

NOTICE:

If You're Holding This Album
and Reading This Label, It's a
Safe Bet You Ain't Shopping at a
Music-Censoring Wal-Mart Store

URGENT WARNING:

Nightingale Cranberry, Bubbling Under Santa's
Skin. A Judo A Chop Chop. Scissors Mistaken,
Chuck E. Cheese Chandelier Chia Pet. Gentle
Tongue Tongue Snapping Organs, Dead
Postman Come to Phlegm Thermos Brunch
Argyle Zamboni.....Argyle Zamboni.

(NOTE: This special warning label was
written by R.E.M. lyricist Michael Stipe)

John Mellencamp

NOTICE:

NOTICE:

21454 UN-9 2
SHERYL CROW
THE SOBER SINGERS

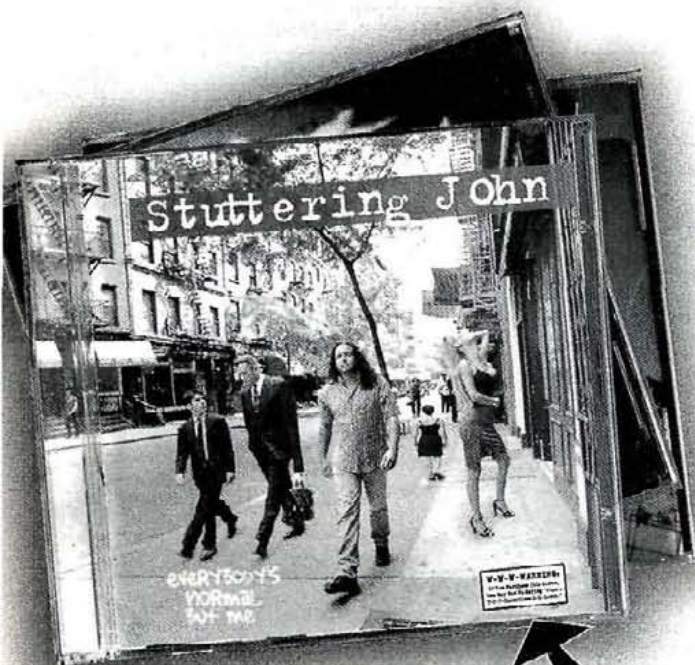
ROB
ZOMBIE
HAPPILY
DECEASED

NOTICE:

13 TALES OF CADAVEROUS CAVORTING BEHIND THE SPOOKSHOW INTERNATIONAL

ALERT:

The Record Company Helpfully Subtitled Each of These as "The Album," Just in Case You're So Dumb, You Might Confuse It With The Movie



W-W-W-WARNING:

If You Purchase This Album, You May End Up Saying "What a T-T-T-Talentless L-L-Leech."



WARNING LABEL:

Listen. Listen. There are people in this world who need to put labels on things. "This is a good record, this is a bad record." I'm here to tell you that labels are crap. Okay? They're, they're just another mask that people need to wear because they're afraid they're not cool. Maybe I'm the freak because I want to show my own face, I don't want to stick labels on my soul. Because it's hard to peel a label off your soul, y'know? But these warning labels, "Beware, look out for this or that, blah blah blah, whatever," you still need to interpret them your own way. That's all I'm saying. I'm saying you don't need to fall for it. It's like a crazy game or something, except the dice are missing and you can't move forward. Listen. You don't have to play the game. You don't have to be the thimble, hopping around, Ventnor Avenue, Reading Railroad, take a walk on the Boardwalk, paying rent to somebody else. Music should not be about passing "Go." So look at this warning label with your heart and your eyes and your being. But when you look, you have to truly see. Because in the end you have to warn yourself. People think they know me, Fiona. But all it [continued on back]



ultimate country party

CD TITLE NOTATION:
Keep in Mind That, In Order to REALLY Have
The ULTIMATE Country Party Experience, You'll
Also Need a Pickup Truck, a Shotgun, a Jug of
Grain Alcohol and a First Cousin Who Thinks
You Can't Get Pregnant Twice in One Year

CONSUMER CLARIFICATION:

These are the foul-mouthed, sexist,
homophobic, talentless, 2-dimensional
cartoons who AREN'T signed to Ruthless,
Tommy Boy or Death Row Records.

CD TITLE NOTATION:

Keep in Mind That, In Order to REALLY Have
The ULTIMATE Country Party Experience, You'll
Also Need a Pickup Truck, a Shotgun, a Jug of
Grain Alcohol and a First Cousin Who Thinks
You Can't Get Pregnant Twice in One Year

CHEF AID: THE SOUTH PARK ALBUM

**CONSUMER
CLARIFICATION:**

CARRERAS DOMINGO PAVAROTTI WITH LEVINE

THE 3 TENORS

TUDOR RIDAS PRESENTS

PARIS 1998

THE CONCERT OF THE CENTURY RECORDED LIVE

Attention:
"1998" Refers to the
Tenors' Combined Weight

BEWARE:

Only in the Music Biz
Could There Be a SEQUEL
to a Ship That Sailed ONCE!

BEWARE:
Only in the Music Biz
Could There Be a SEQUEL
to a Ship That Sailed ONCE!

BACK TO
TITANIC
ORIGINAL MUSIC COMPOSED AND CONDUCTED BY
JAMES HORNER

Attention:

"1998" Refers to the
Tenors' Combined Weight

In MAD #375, we introduced you to "digital anthropomorphizing transmogrification," a term which describes a not-yet-existent technology that will one day allow us to expose a celebrity's true nature! Well, we here at MAD never pass up a chance to use a 50-cent phrase like "digital anthropomorphizing transmogrification" in an intro, so, as an excuse to once again print the words "digital anthropomorphizing transmogrification," here's...

MORE

Queen Elizabeth



Howard Stern



Linda Tripp

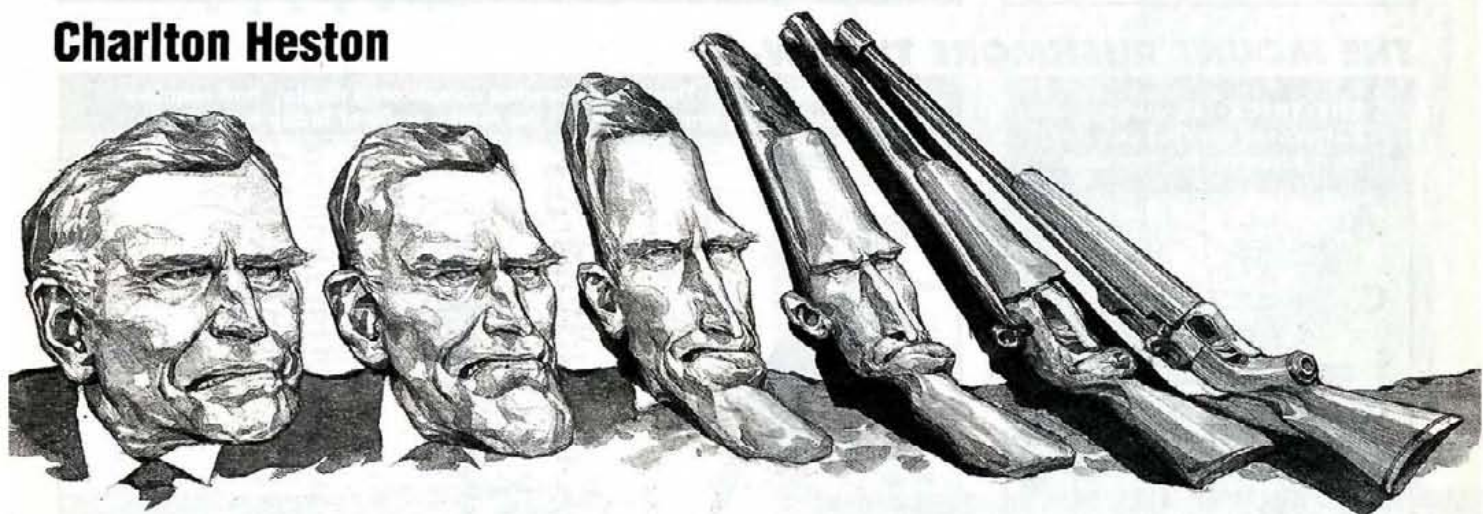


MAD MORPHS

Prince Charles



Charlton Heston



Bill Clinton





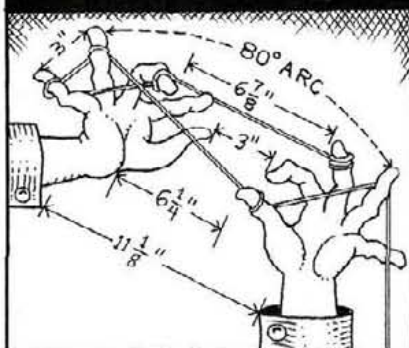
SPINNING IS THE ONLY THING DEPT.

THE MAD WORLD OF YO-YOS

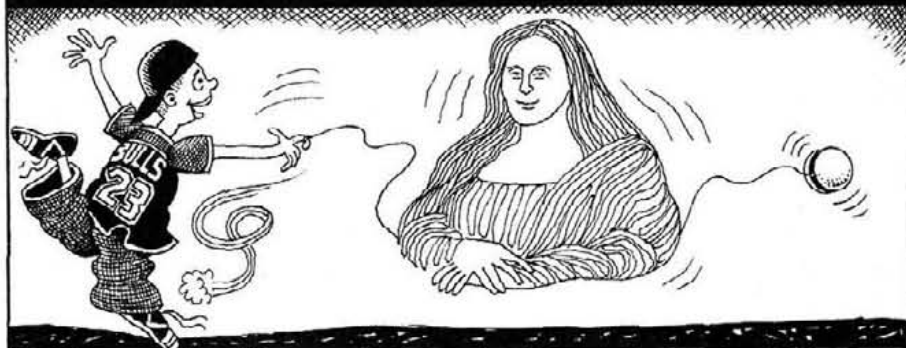
Part III: Simple Tricks Any Yo-Yo Can Do

THE MONA LISA FLIP-OUT

THE TRICK: Correct string manipulation is critical. Carefully follow instructions.

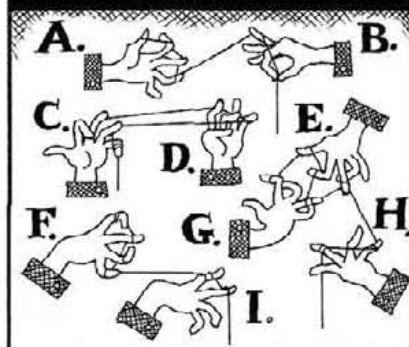


HOW TO DO IT: As yo-yo is released, the carefully arranged string automatically and effortlessly flips the yo-yo into a perfect reproduction of the beautiful Mona Lisa. With practice and determination, even Picasso portraits are achievable.



THE MOUNT RUSHMORE THROW-UP

THE TRICK: Following instructions is vital here. So is knowing the alphabet.

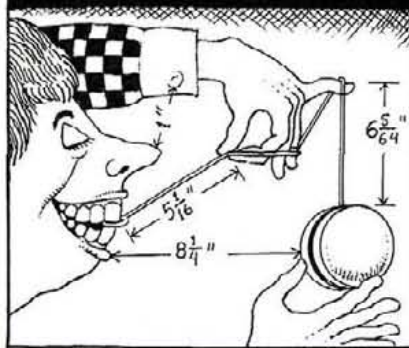


HOW TO DO IT: This is a somewhat complicated display and requires additional hang time because of the toothy smile of Teddy Roosevelt.



THE GOLDEN GATE HURL-AWAY

THE TRICK: As the diagram shows, you can really sink your teeth into this trick.

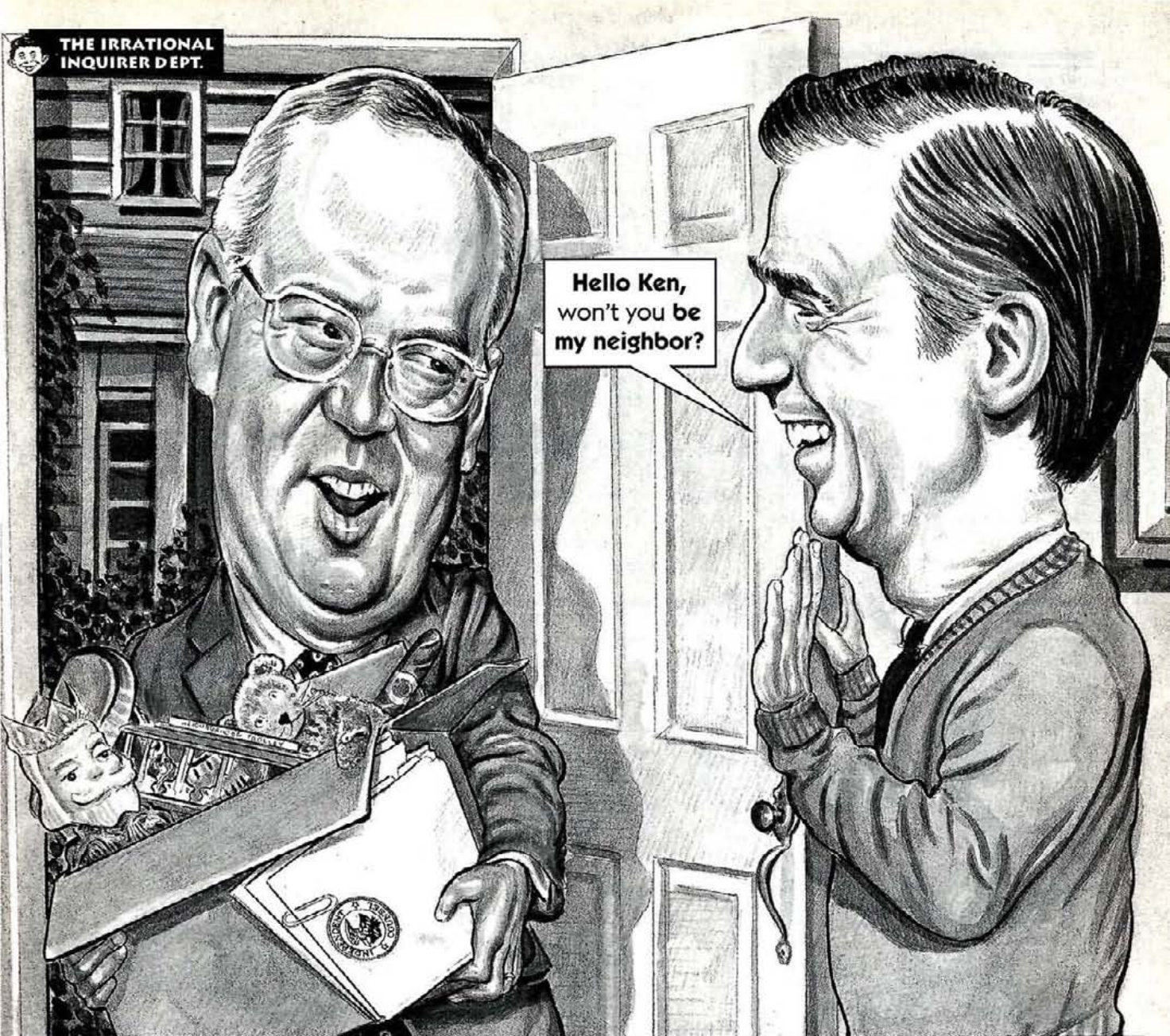


HOW TO DO IT: Warning: False teeth wearers are cautioned to avoid this trick or the bridge they hurl may very well be their own!



ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: DUCK EDWING



First, megalomaniac Ken Starr hounded the President, his staff, his friends, his former intern and just about everyone else in the Clinton White House, except Socks and Buddy! With that investigation in shambles, the overzealous prosecutor has turned his attention to others who, in his eyes, "threaten" the very foundation of our society! Here's a sneak peek of a confidential report sure to be illegally leaked by Starr and his thugs any day now...

THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR'S OFFICIAL REPORT ON **MISTER ROGERS**

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

INTRODUCTION:

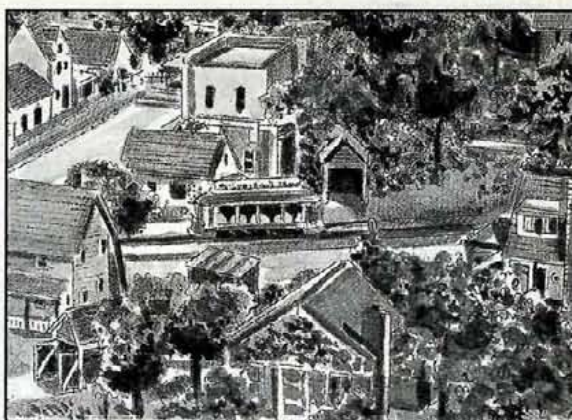
THERE IS TROUBLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

As required by United States Code Section PBS-13, Title 28, and brought to you by the letters "E" and "P," the Office of the Special Prosecutor hereby submits substantial and credible information that Fred "Mister Rogers" Rogers committed acts that may constitute grounds for immediate cancellation.

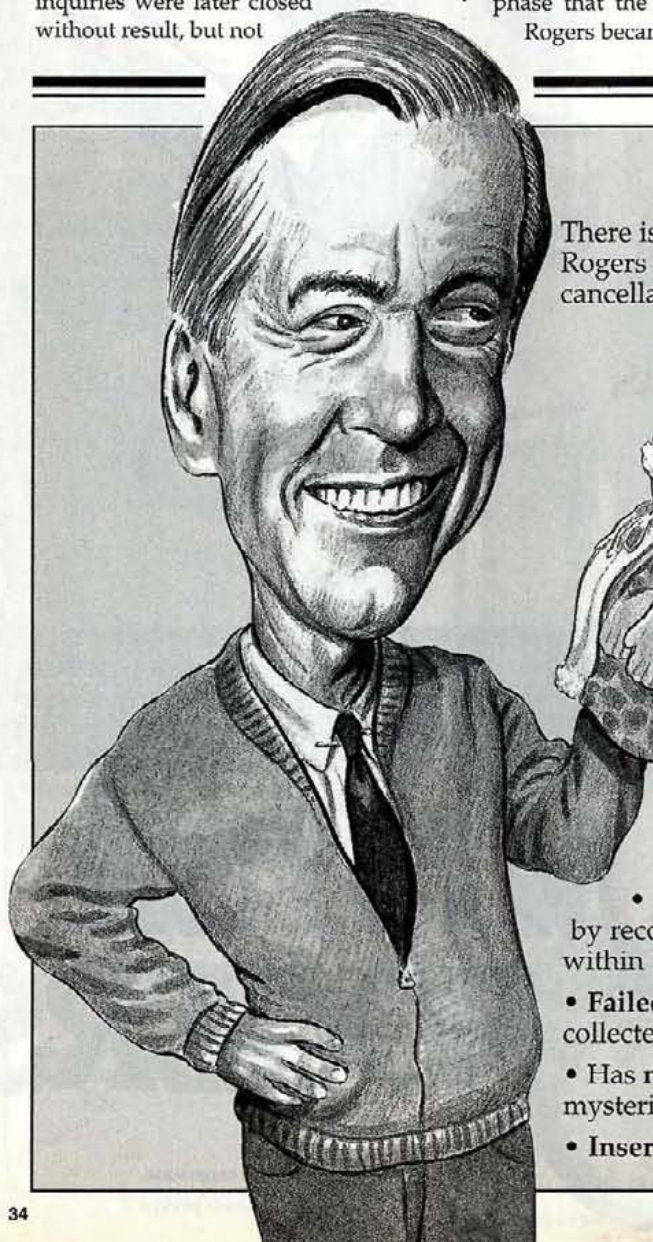
This investigation into Mister Rogers began in 1994, during the Special Prosecutor's look into President William J. Clinton and the Whitewater scandal. While no wrongdoing was discovered in Whitewater, facts from that case led to a study of the White House travel office and fundraising irregularities. Those inquiries were later closed without result, but not

before this office expanded its mission to include the Paula Jones lawsuit and the Lewinsky matter (AKA "Forni-Gate").

A remark by Lewinsky's dry cleaner indicated that President Clinton had watched part of the Ken Burns documentary on the Civil War before getting bored and switching over to the USA Network's *Silk Stalkings*. A \$6 million dollar investigation into *TV Guide* subsequently revealed that the Civil War documentary had been shown on PBS television. This naturally led to a full inquiry into the entire PBS schedule. It was during this phase that the wrongdoing of Mister Rogers became virtually apparent.



This complex investigation into Mister Rogers' misdeeds cost \$46 million dollars to complete, not counting free giveaway tote bags. This cost, naturally, must be paid by PBS. It is suggested that PBS make up the money by expanding their on-air pledge drive from 335 days per year to 363 days per year.



SECTION ONE:

INDIVIDUAL GROUNDS AND CHARGES

There is substantial and credible information that Mister Rogers committed acts that may constitute grounds for cancellation, depending on polls and how the FCC appointments turn out.

The information obtained reveals that Mister Rogers:

- **Lied** when he claimed that all his viewers were "special." The evidence will show that even while repeating these statements, Mister Rogers knew perfectly well that human life is cheap and that most of his viewers were in fact worthless lumps;
- **Misused** his position to teach 30 years' worth of children that it's okay to watch a grown man take off his clothes;
- **Conspired** to deprive jazz composers of their rightful royalties by having the invisible piano play random notes that only occasionally go near a melody;
- **Violated** Article 1, Section 9 of the U.S. Constitution by recognizing the royal sovereignty of King Friday XIII within United States borders;
- **Failed** to pay taxes on the teeny-tiny imaginary fares collected by the Magic Trolley;
- **Has never specifically disproved** his possible role in the mysterious death of *The Joy of Painting* host Bob Ross;
- **Inserted** his fist into numerous puppets.

SECTION TWO: THE CONTENTS OF THE REFERRAL

Regrettably, this report contains some sexually explicit material, but usually not more than once or twice per paragraph. Sex, however, is only a small part of this investigation. This case is not about cheap, embarrassing quickies, but rather a systemic betrayal of public trust. Therefore, most sexual details, real or pretend, will be confined to a tiny, separate appendix. Following page 4 of this report, the sex appendix may be found on pages 5 through 3,528.

SECTION THREE: THE NARRATIVE: JULY 22, 1998



Mister Rogers entered his home at 10:30 a.m. (9:30 Central). He greeted his companion warmly. The companion, however, was not captured by the surveillance camera. After remarking how good it was to be alone again with the unnamed, unseen companion, Mister Rogers began to partially disrobe. Before he could undress fully, Mister Rogers' illicit encounter was interrupted by a knock on the door.

Mister Rogers feigned surprise, asking aloud, "My! Who can that be?" We characterize his reaction as false because there is a body of evidence showing that the last several hundred times there was a knock on the door, it was Mr. McFeely, and indeed it was once again Mr. McFeely. Mister Rogers' attitude of surprise was, in this office's opinion, a clear attempt to mislead the public.

It must not be forgotten that Mr. McFeely is a postman, the man who delivers the mail to the Neighborhood. These are the very same U.S. mails that have been used to convey child pornog-

raphy, narcotics and the very bombs that the Unabomber used to maim and murder innocent victims. While Mr. McFeely may not have committed these acts himself, he failed to prevent others from committing them. As a uniformed postal worker, McFeely's inaction is, in our estimation, a far greater crime.

**"I'm, only going to say this once.
I... did... not... have sexual
relations with that woman,
Lady Elaine Fairchilde."**

A DANGEROUS GAME

Mr. McFeely was led inside the residence. McFeely had with him a package, perhaps brought in an attempt to buy influence. Mister Rogers smiled and said, "My, what a big, thick package you have there!" With two men alone in a house at the end of a dead-end street, this statement can be interpreted many ways. We pick the bad way.

The package contained an assortment of colorful building blocks. Mister Rogers and Mr. McFeely spent approximately two minutes stacking the blocks as high as they could until eventually the stack collapsed. No overt sexual incidents occurred during the block-stacking. Nonetheless, this incident raises troubling questions. "Raises troubling questions" is a phrase this office will use again and again in this investigation. In fact, it took this office four years to raise troubling questions; no way are we going to spend more time bothering to locate troubling answers.

SECTION FOUR: MISTER ROGERS' ACCOMPLICES

Mister Rogers has surrounded himself with individuals who witness his illicit activities. This office succeeded in interviewing the fish, the trolley and the puppets out of Mister Rogers' presence, when Mister Rogers was not able to manipulate them and put words in their mouths. However, under repeated interrogations, these witnesses maintained their silence, refusing to provide any information at all. Clearly, they had been intimidated by Mister Rogers.

The following excerpts from the "Puppet-Gate" question-and-answer sessions indicates the level of silent denial:

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Queen Sarah, could you give more details about the shady land deal that allowed your family to take over The Land of Make-Believe?

QUEEN SARAH: (no response)

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Dr. Bill Platypus, isn't it true that according to your narrow definition, oral sex is not considered "sexual contact" among platypuses, because your comically flat bills are so long?

DR. BILL PLATYPUS: (no response)

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Trolley, weren't you in fact used to deliver unlawful communiques and "talking points" to and from The Land of Make-Believe?

TROLLEY: Ding! Ding!

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: X the Owl, isn't your name a transparent attempt by Mister Rogers to unethically curry favor among African-American viewers?

X THE OWL: (no response)



SPECIAL PROSECUTOR: Fish, from your vantage point in the kitchen, you are in close proximity to Mister Rogers' phone. Did you ever see him accept oral sex while making an important call?

THE FISH: Glurp blub glork.

SECTION FIVE:
THE NARRATIVE:
JULY 25, 1998

No surveillance of Mister Rogers could be done, because it was Saturday and they were showing a rerun of *This Old House* instead.

SECTION SIX:
EVIDENCE ESTABLISHING
THE NATURE
OF THE COVER-UP

DESTROYED PHYSICAL EVIDENCE

This office attempted to subpoena all images and visual content produced by Picture-Picture between the years of 1968 and 1997. Mister Rogers **illegally rejected the subpoena**, saying that Picture-Picture was magic, and that all of his pictures had long since vanished. "But memory is a kind of magic," added



Mister Rogers. "You can get those pictures back any time you like, just by thinking about them." As the Mister Rogers inquiry has shown, however, the **memory is a slippery thing indeed.**

CODED MESSAGES

Several times, the Mister Rogers' Neighborhood program secretly sent hidden signals to the home viewers. When Mister Rogers was informed that **extensive evidence of signal-sending** was in the possession of this office, he

"You may be the Special Prosecutor. But I happen to think any prosecutor is special."

stated, "That's just an old traffic signal on my wall. Signaling is what it does best. I wonder what you like to do best." Unfortunately for Mister Rogers, this office is not the one under investigation. *And you will be crushed by me! You're going DOWN, you skinny little BASTARD! Oh, wait, did I include that or did I just think it?*

SECTION SEVEN:
THE NARRATIVE:
JULY 29, 1998

At approximately 10:38 a.m., Mister Rogers left his home to visit Chef Brockett. Mister Rogers' stated purpose was "to see how a birthday cake gets made." This office believes that Mister Rogers was actually preparing to conduct an **illegal fundraising visit.** Mister Rogers denies this, saying, "I don't talk about fundraising on my show. I try to talk about things that

the children will be interested in. You know, I take showers and go to the bathroom, too, but you don't see that on my show either." (FBI surveillance photos captured Mister Rogers performing these acts.)

When Mister Rogers left his home, the camera suddenly showed aerial footage of cardboard streets and houses to indicate his journey to Chef Brockett's. It is uncertain how much **unseen illegal activity** took place during this 8-second interval.

SOMETHING'S COOKING

Mister Rogers arrived at Chef Brockett's kitchen at 10:39 a.m. Chef Brockett quickly showed Mister Rogers a **large quantity of white powder.** This office has not tested the powder, because just saying "large quantity of white powder" sounds worse. Chef Brockett and Mister Rogers broke four eggs and mixed them into the powder. "It's very messy, but I'll bet the cake will taste mighty good," remarked Mister Rogers. By **suggesting** that Chef Brockett would think the cake tasted good, Mister Rogers was boldly trying to **illegally influence and rehearse possible testimony.**

After the cake was finished, Mister Rogers asked Chef Brockett for the recipe. Chef Brockett replied, "It's all



up here," indicating his big floppy chef's hat. In other words, Chef Brockett kept his cooking knowledge in his brain with no notes. Mister Rogers had obviously urged his co-conspirators to **"never put anything down on paper."** Chef Brockett was called in to this office to answer questions but unfortunately, after several hours in custody, he called a lawyer, so this office couldn't do whatever it wanted to him.

SECTION EIGHT: STATEMENTS UNDER OATH

On August 12, 1998, Mister Rogers agreed to answer questions put to him before a Grand Jury. The following is part of his testimony:

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR:
Do you like cigars, Mister Rogers?

MISTER ROGERS:
Heavens, no. They're awfully smelly, aren't they?

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR:
So you're testifying that you never smoke cigars?

MISTER ROGERS:
That's right, I never have. No, I think tobacco plants should be allowed to grow and make beautiful gardens.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR:
Then what do you do with cigars, Mister Rogers?

MISTER ROGERS:
Why, nothing at all.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR:
We'll let the American people judge your definition of "nothing at all." Isn't it true that if you don't smoke cigars, you obviously must use them for another purpose?

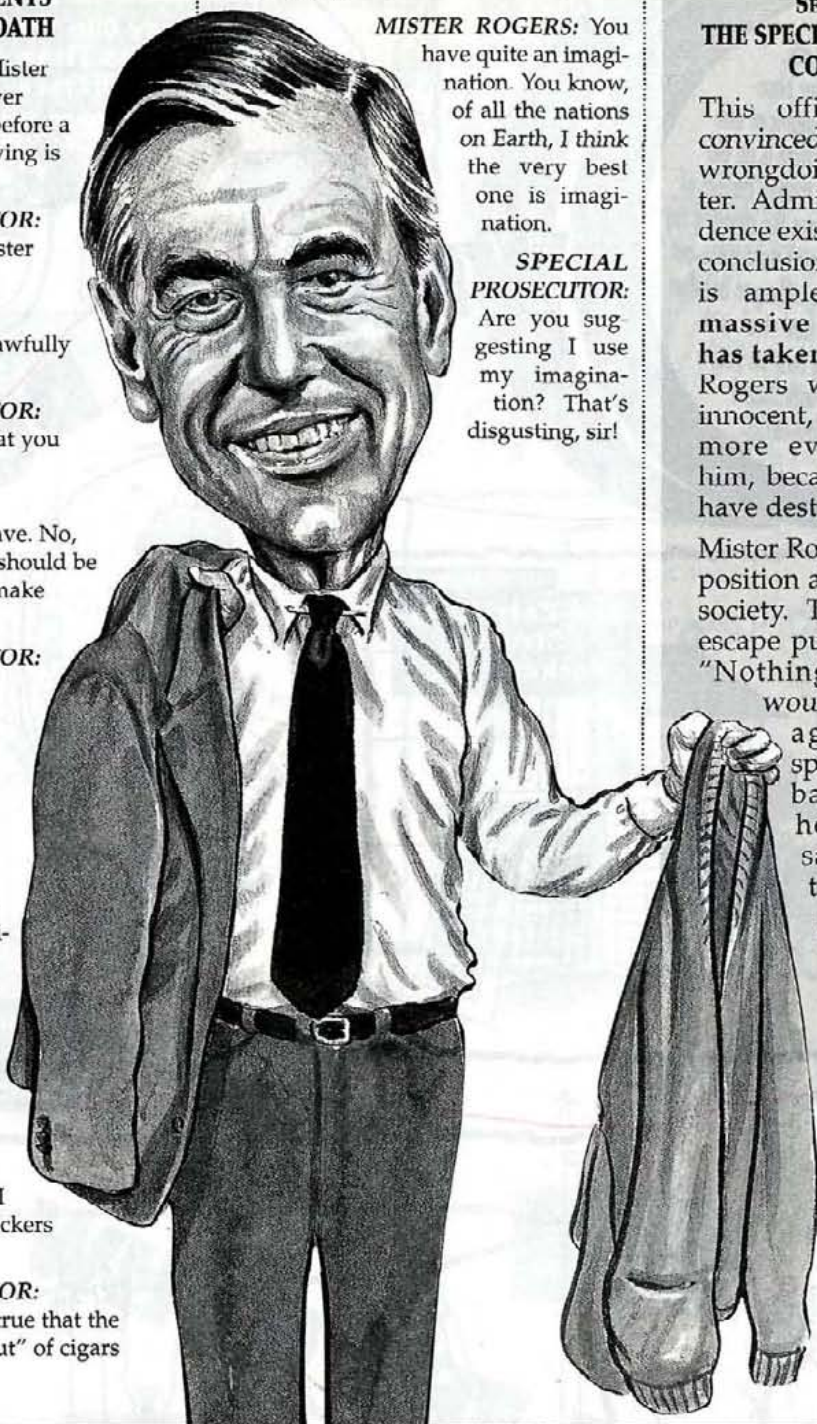
MISTER ROGERS:
I'm sorry, but I don't have any cigars at all. I have some graham crackers if you'd like.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR:
No cigars left? Isn't it true that the reason you're "fresh out" of cigars

is because you've used the entire box for your own perverse sexual gratification? Isn't it?

MISTER ROGERS: You have quite an imagination. You know, of all the nations on Earth, I think the very best one is imagination.

SPECIAL PROSECUTOR:
Are you suggesting I use my imagination? That's disgusting, sir!



SECTION NINE: THE SPECIAL PROSECUTOR'S CONCLUSION

This office has become convinced of Mister Rogers' wrongdoing in some matter. Admittedly, little evidence exists to support this conclusion. However, that is ample proof of the massive cover-up that has taken place. If Mister Rogers were completely innocent, there would be more evidence against him, because he wouldn't have destroyed it all.

Mister Rogers holds a high position as a role model in society. To allow him to escape punishment in this "Nothing-Gate" matter would surely encourage other soft-spoken Pittsburgh-based television hosts to do the same. This country cannot afford such a crime wave. Can you say "Screw due process"? I knew you could.

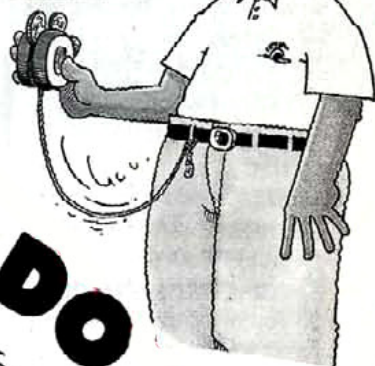




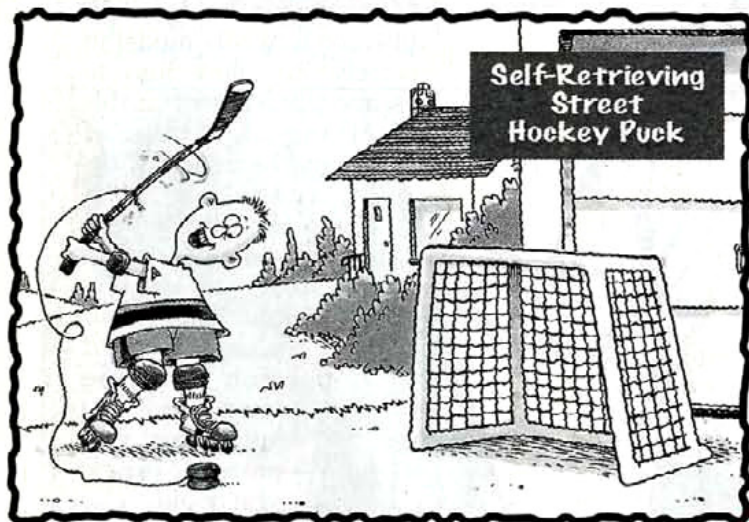
STICK A FORK IN THEM. THEY'RE DUNCAN DEPT.

Hula Hoops.
Pet Rocks. Tamagotchis.
American history (and your base-
ment) is cluttered with the remains of one
fad after another. The latest craze is an old
standby — yo-yos. But like so many "flavors of
the month," it won't be long before the stringed toy
is the latest addition to the 99-cent store close-out
bin. Being a MAD reader, we're willing to bet that
you're one of the suckers now stuck with
several yo-yos collecting dust on your
dresser. What to do with them?
We're glad you asked!...

Money Clip for
the Less Than
Heavy Hitters



WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR



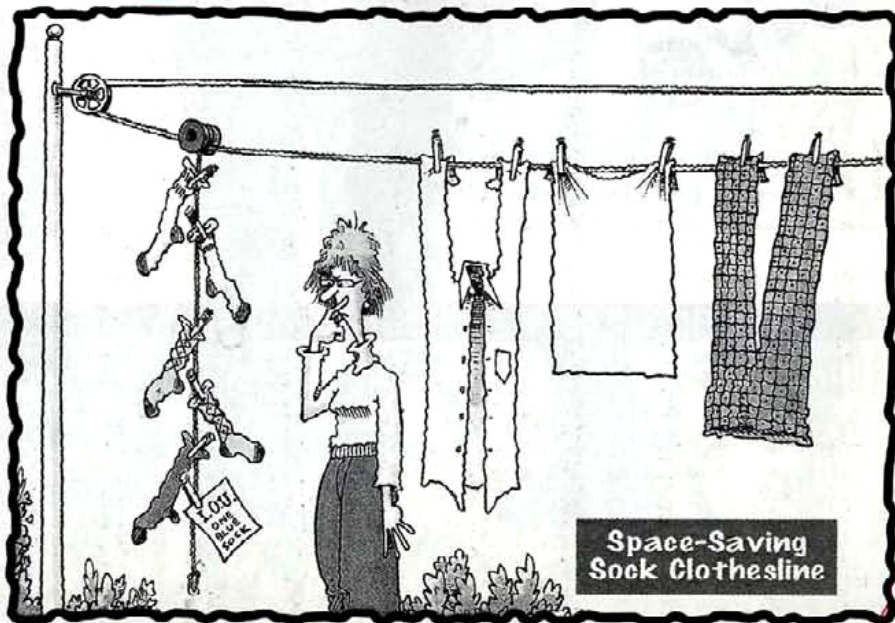
Self-Retrieving
Street
Hockey Puck



Cardio-Pumping
Portable Pocket
Jump Rope



Self-
Applying
Wedgie Device
(For Dorks
So Unpopular
Even Bullies
Won't Touch
Them)

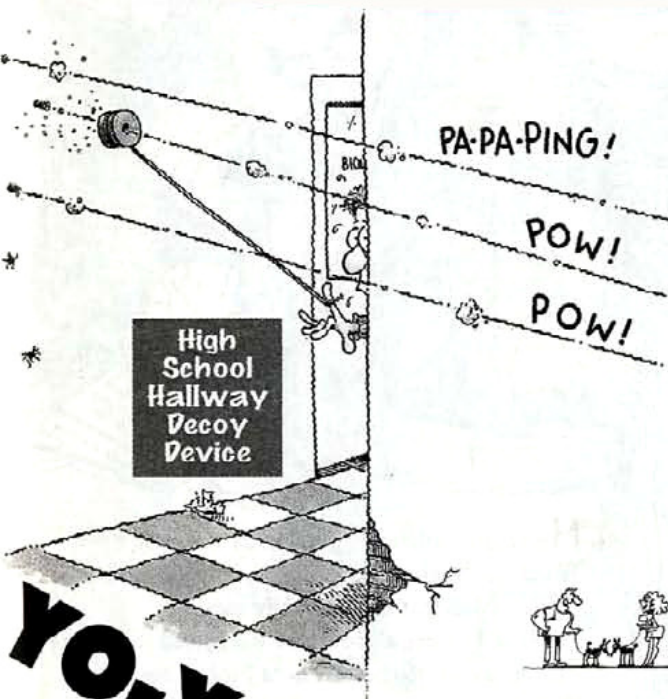


Space-Saving
Sock Clothesline

Condemned Barbie's Malibu Beach House Wrecking Ball



Combination Tag-Kope Extension/Foreign Object

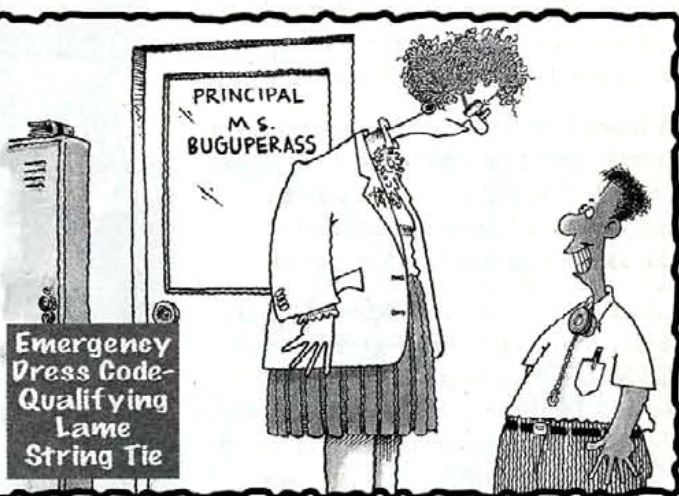


PA-PA-PING!

POW!

POW!

High School Hallway Decoy Device

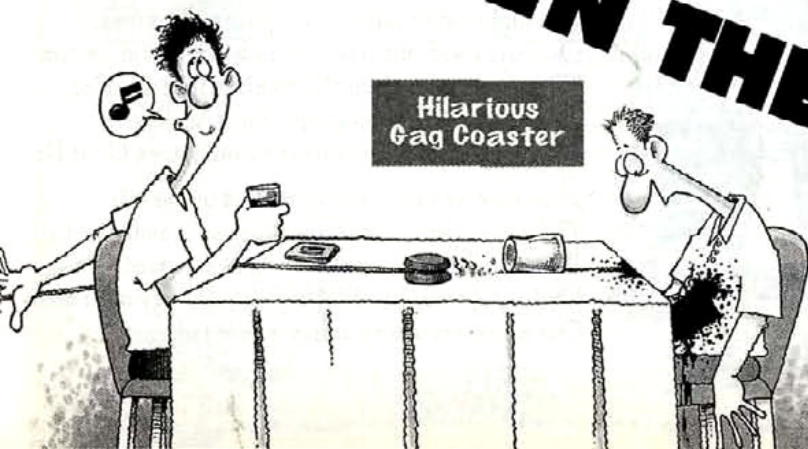


Emergency Dress Code-Qualifying Lame String Tie

YO-YO WHEN THE FAD DIES

Less Painful Piercing Alternative

Hilarious Gag Coaster



Relentlessly they appear, those infomercials that invade our TV screens. How can we account for their incredible success? After all, what sort of person would make use of them? Well, maybe the following will give you an idea, as we present...

THE LATE NIGHT SPREE OF SAUL DEVERE

(With extreme apologies to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow)

Listen, dear readers, and you shall hear
Of the late night spree of Saul Devere;
Grand infomercials lit up his screen
With products like none he'd ever seen,
Embellished by pitchmen with words sincere.

'Twas 10:45 when he happened upon
That destroyer of mildew and dirt - Instagone;
Cried he, "Tis a product I surely must try!"
And thereupon ordered a twelve-year supply
Out of fear that the offer might soon be withdrawn.

A Brown & Serve ad proved an instant success;
It could speed up one's microwave cooking, no less;
"I want one!" he yelled, very quick to react,
And placed a rush order, ignoring the fact
That a microwave oven he did not possess.

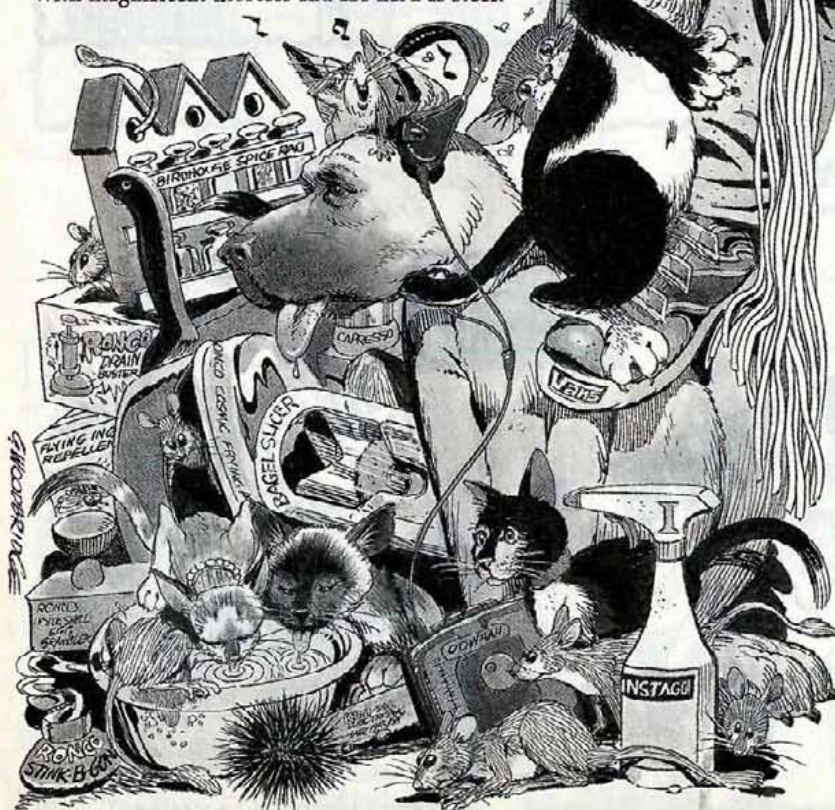
Chuck Norris came on and delivered a spiel for his Total Gym package - a fabulous deal: Said Saul, "What a bargain for 800 bucks! In a week I will have a physique just like Chuck's. With magnificent muscles and abs hard as steel!"

His credit card orders piled up by the score -
Wondrous Ronco contraptions and cleaners galore,
A PVA Mop that soaked up any mess,
Loads of Flobees, although he was forced to confess
That he wasn't quite sure what a Flobee was for.

The Pasta Machine he snapped up like a shot;
The Electric Egg Scrambler he bought on the spot;
He knew in just weeks they'd arrive without fail -
One if by FedEx and two if by mail -
And he hollered, "Is this a great country or what?"

All night did he fall for each pitchman's refrain,
Overjoyed with the treasures his home would contain:
"There's space for them all," to himself he declared,
As he sat in the one-room apartment he shared
With eight gerbils, five cats and a full-grown Great Dane.

And now we have come to the end of our tale -
This most splendid of spees which so proudly we hail;
Without all the hucksters who endlessly feed
On poor suckers like Saul buying junk they don't need,
Our nation's economy surely would fail.





Recently there was a movie that was good value for the money, because even though it was only 90 minutes long, it felt like you spent the entire day in the theater! It was politically incorrect in every way, a perfect role model for the dorks of tomorrow! We're talking about...

WHATTABORE

I'm Mama Butcher! People say I'm a severely neurotic, over-protective mother who smothers her son — but that's ridiculous! My boy can do anything he wants, as long as he doesn't talk to anyone, make friends, laugh, smile or have fun! I know one day he'll grow up and leave home, but it's silly to start worrying about that now! I mean, he's only a child of 31!

I'm Sobby Butcher! You coooooould saaaay I'm a maaaaaa's boyyy! I wiiiish I ccoooooould sayyyy "I'm a maaaaaaa's boy," but it'sssss harrrrrd with thiiiiis speeeeeehhhh impedimmmnt! Sssince you hadddd to heeeearr itt innnn mmyyyy moooovie, I'lllll haaaaave merrrrrrcy onnnn youuuuu andddd drrroooooopp ittttt fffffr thee ressstt offfff thiiiiis mooooooronic spooooooof! Right now my self-esteem is at an all-time low! I just got fired as Waterboy for the University of Louisiana Rednecks! You're probably wondering how a stuttering, backwoods imbecile like me ever became a waterboy! In Louisiana, those traits qualify me to be governor!



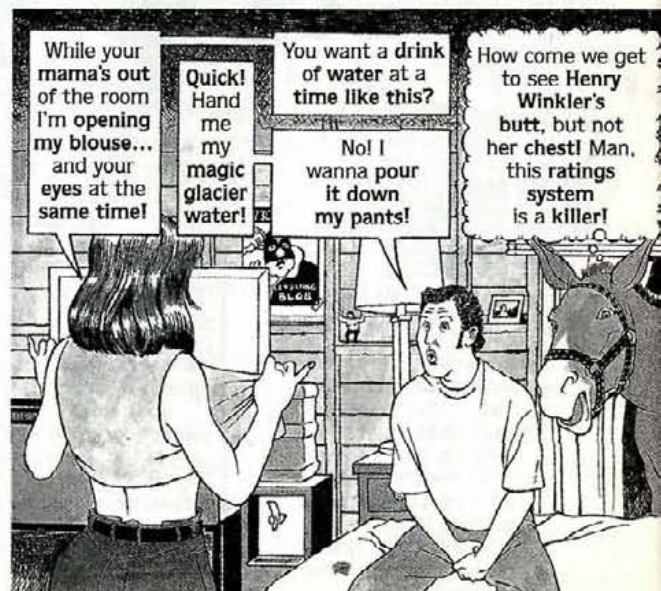
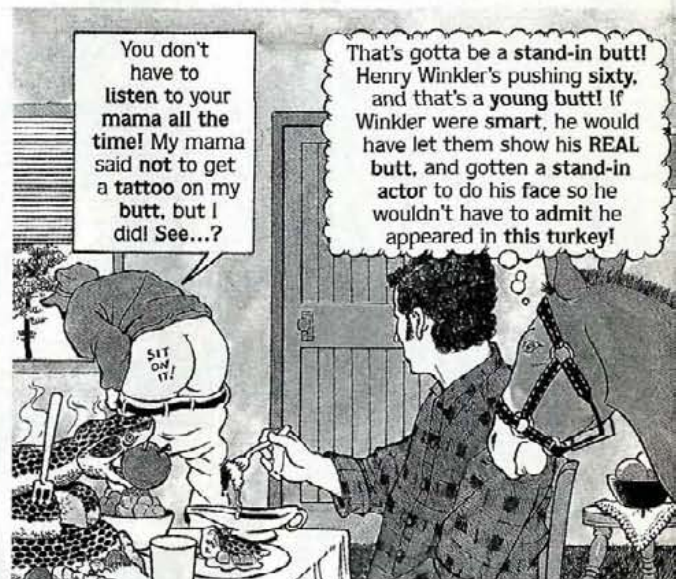
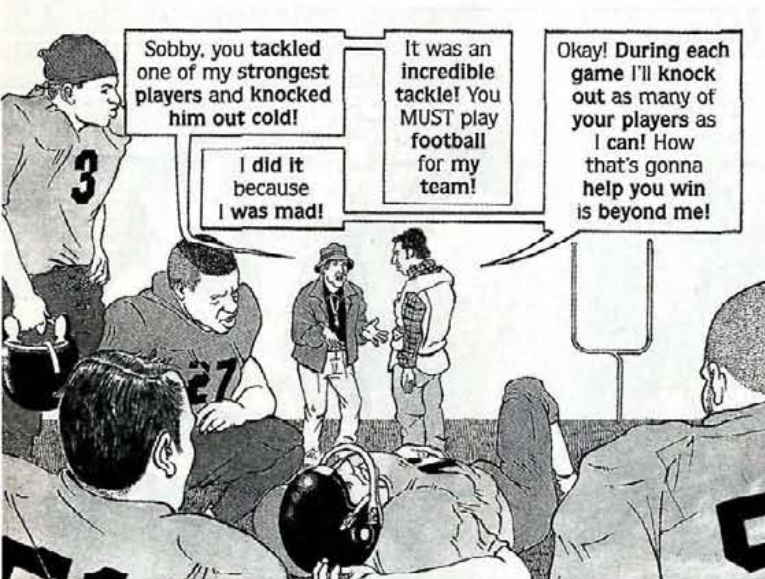
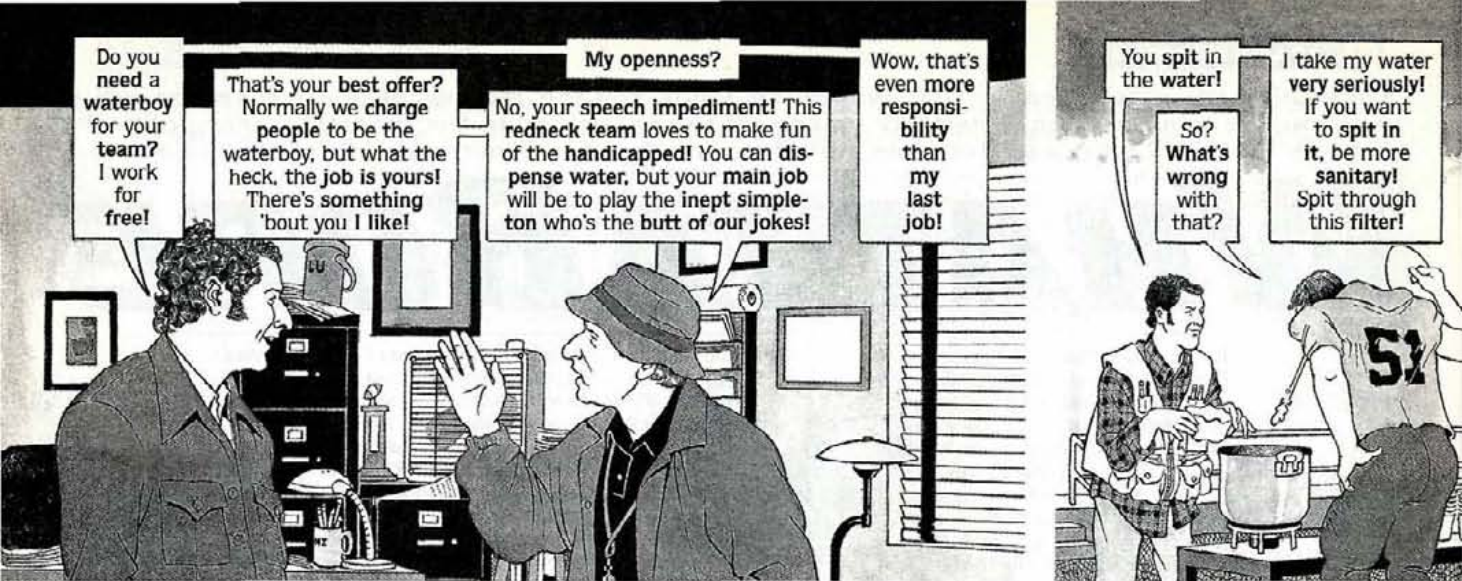
I'm Coach PeeU and I'm tired of people saying football players are just big and stupid! My team has other admirable qualities — they're insensitive, violent drunks, too! I deeply regret firing that waterboy! Hell, now my players have nothing to wash their steroids down with!

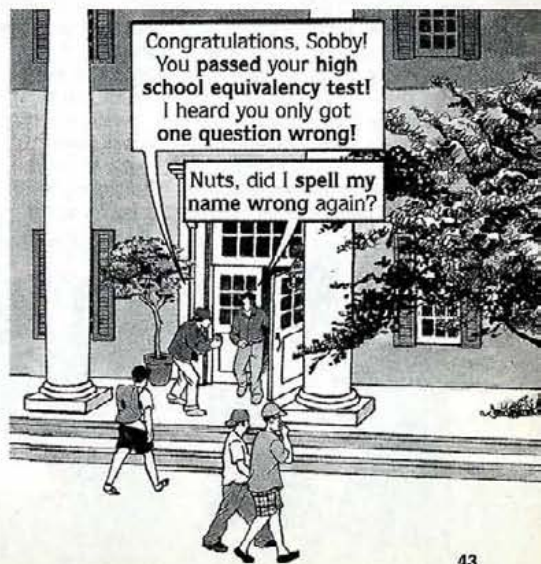
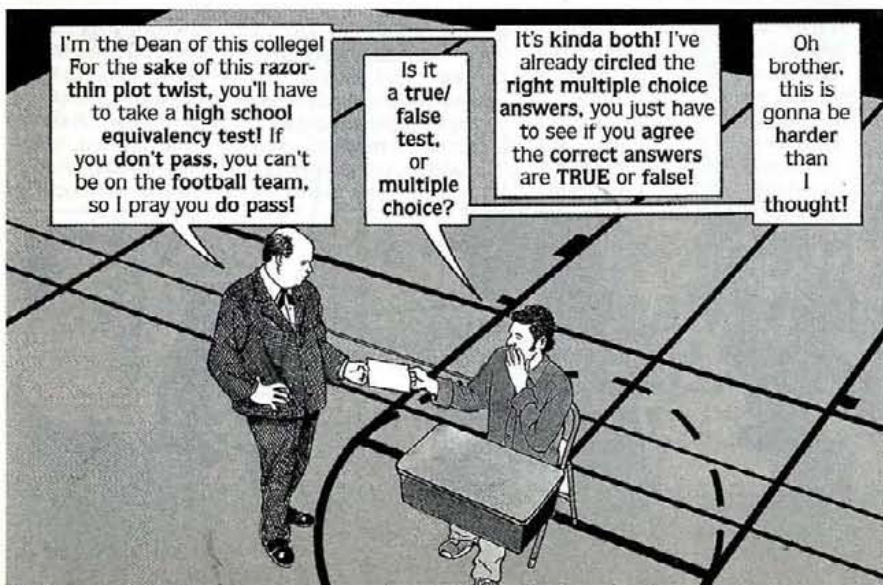
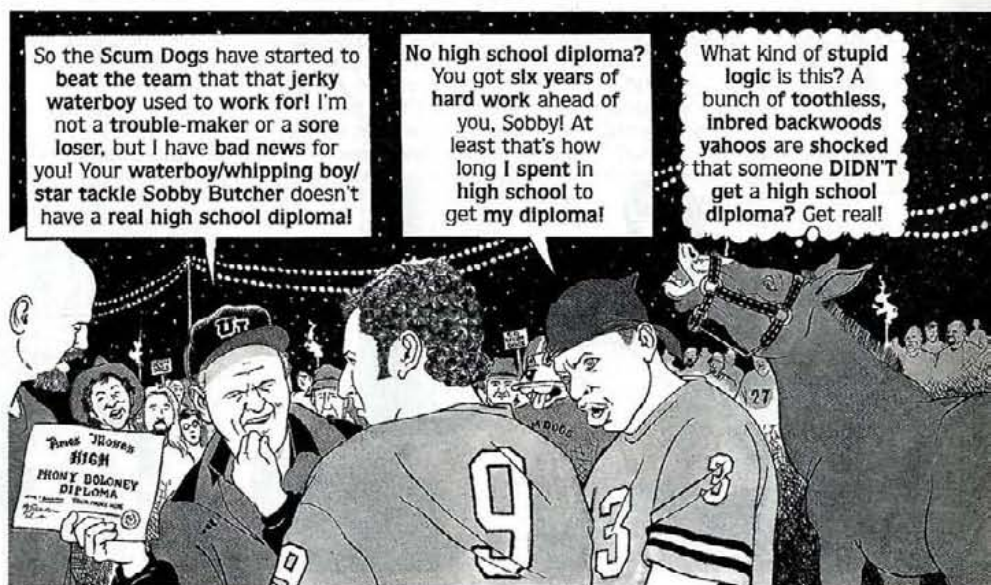
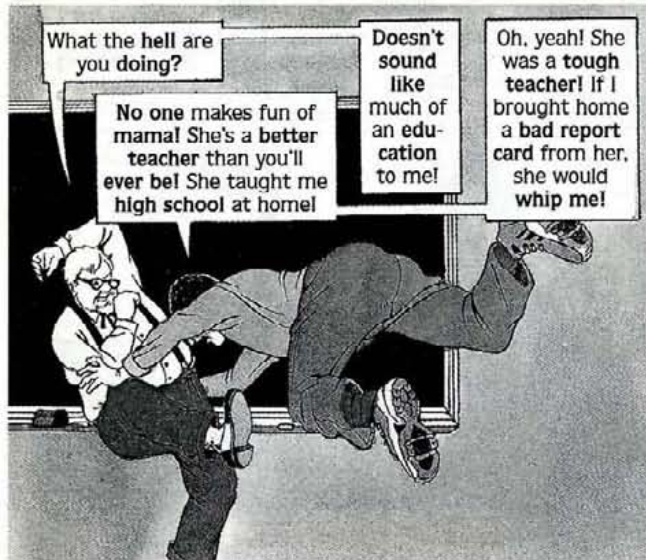
I'm Coach Clod! I scour the nation's top schools to find the best football players — then I make sure none of them ever get on or near my team, the Scum Dogs! Having the worst players in the world helps cover up the fact that I'm the world's most inept coach! Which is the perfect part for one of the world's most inept actors — me! My last big film was *Scream*! In that movie I was lucky — I got hacked to a bloody pulp in the first half hour! Unfortunately, in this turkey I have to stick around to the end!

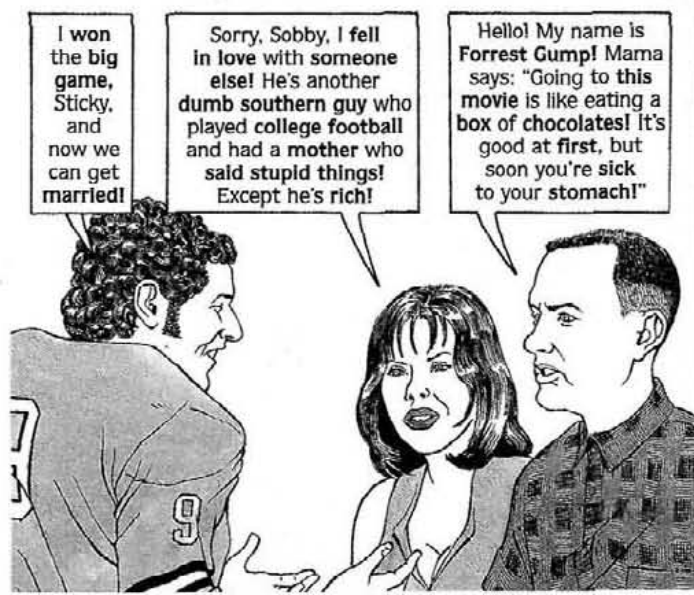
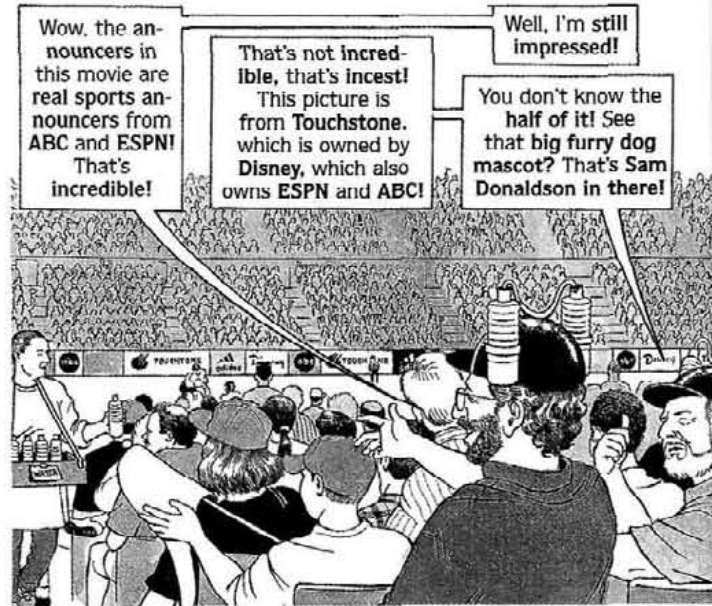
I'm mumble, mumble, mumble, mumble!*

[* Actually, I can speak perfectly clearly, but I'm too embarrassed to use the dialogue that was written for me, so I just mumble!]

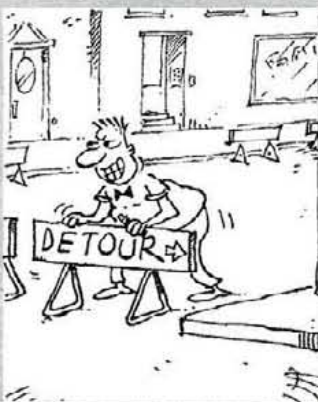
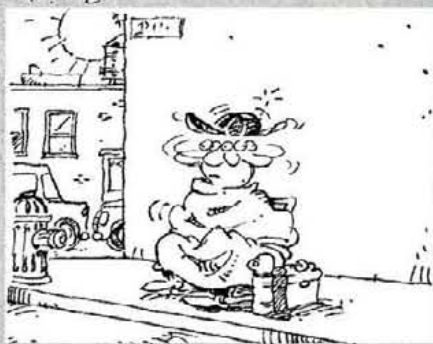
I'm Sticky Virtue-Lost, a tough motorcycle broad who's attracted to Sobby! I'm so tough, I have a prison record! I shot my agent for getting me a role in this movie! But after seeing this film, the governor pardoned me! He said it was justifiable homicide!

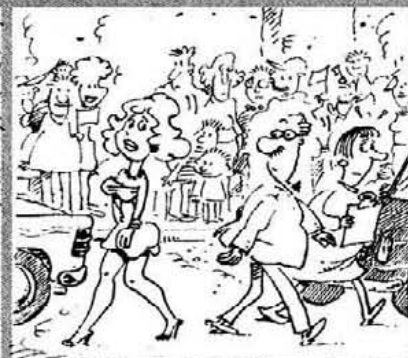


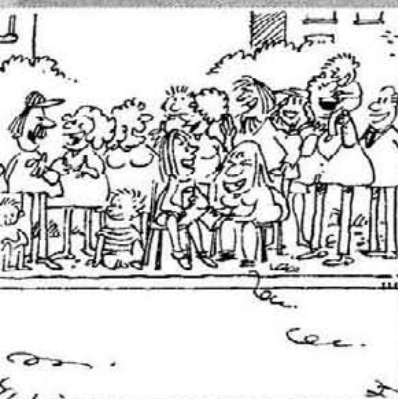




A MAD LOOK AT PARADES







ARRONE

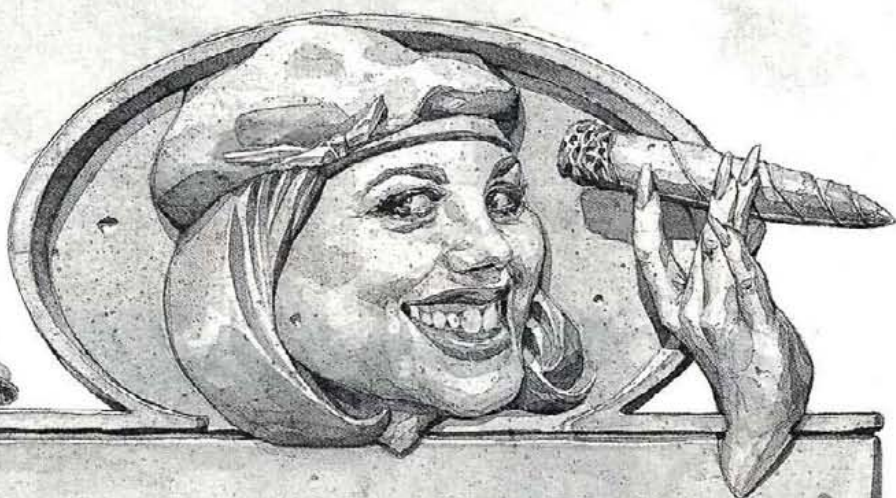


GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you
the latest Vegas line on how one of today's
biggest newsmakers will suck her last breath!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE
INTERN TO THE GRIM REAPER:



ARTIST:
HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER:
MIKE SNIDER

MONICA LEWINSKY

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Chokes on something	1:1
Falls off upper left box while guesting on <i>Hollywood Squares</i>	8:1
Terminal thong inflammation	25:1
Blood circulation cut off by last resort super girdle	37:1
Caught in a buffet stampede at plus-size models audition	42:1
Bad clams at "bygones-be-bygones" dinner with Linda Tripp	5,409,309:1



WHAT EXTREME "SPORT"
HAS UNFORTUNATELY
BEEN GROWING IN
POPULARITY DESPITE
ITS VIOLENCE?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Traditional sports have taken a back seat to the new daredevil activities known as extreme sports. Whether it's performing death-defying skateboard tricks or participating in ultimate fighting matches, people are finding new ways to push themselves and laugh in the face of death. There is one new sport that has unfortunately caught on in record numbers. To find out what this lousy "sport" is, fold page in as shown.



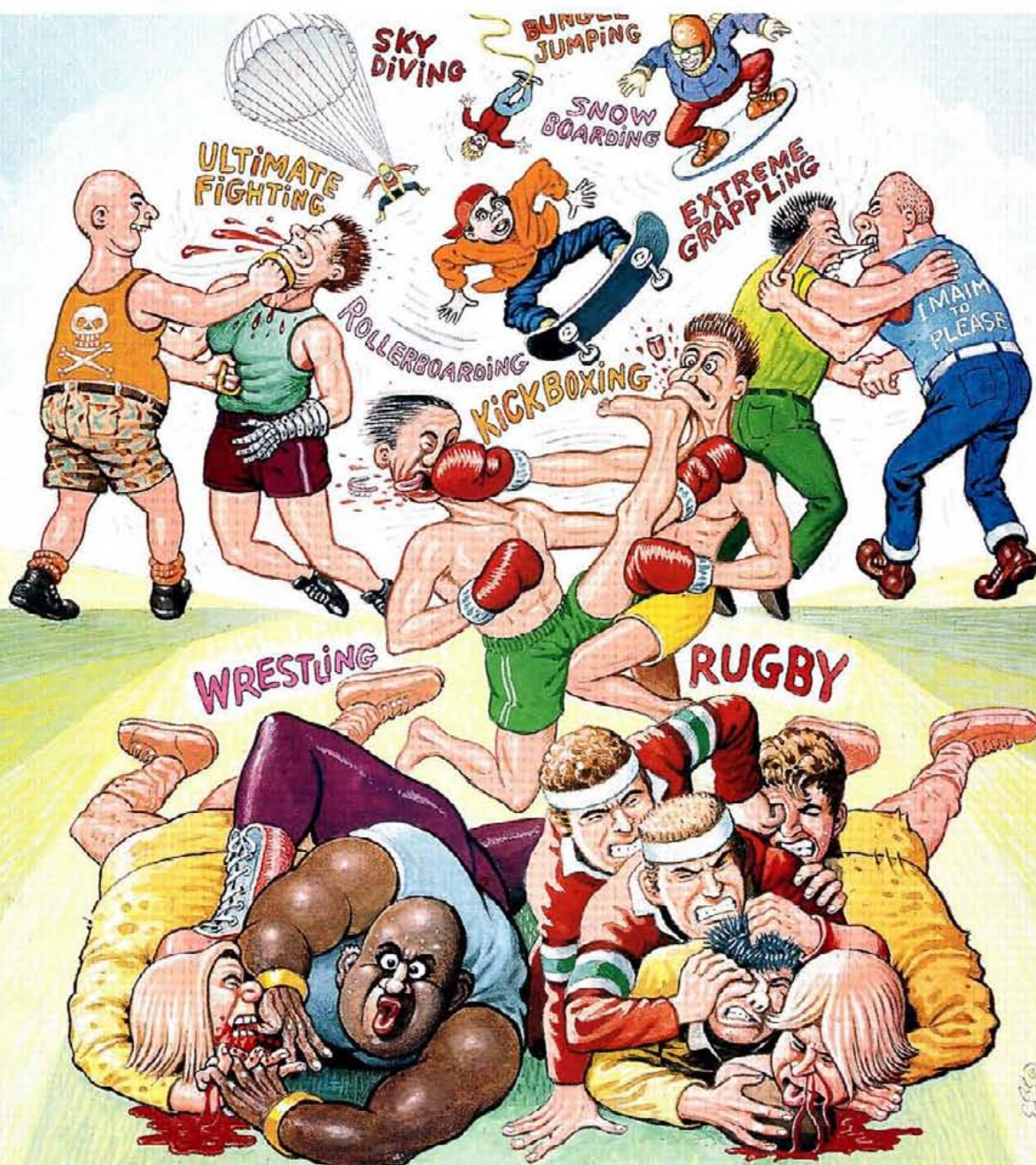
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT



FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



GRUESOME FORMS OF EXTREME "SPORT" USUALLY PAY
PROMOTERS HANDSOMELY BECAUSE IT BRINGS OUT
BASIC BLOODLUST IN THE FANS. WHAT WE CAN'T FATH-
OM IS WHY SOCIETY PERMITS SUCH A HARMFUL THING



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE



